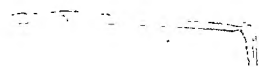


Breaking Prairie Sod

By Rev. (Capt.) WELLINGTON BRIDGMAN



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BREAKING PRAIRIE SOD





REV. CAPTAIN WELLINGTON BRIDGMAN

One of the pioneers in church work, between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains in the early eighties. Appointed Garrison Chaplain in 1916, later Chaplain to the 251st Battalion C.E.F., with view of Overseas work.

BREAKING PRAIRIE SOD

THE STORY OF A PIONEER PREACHER IN
THE EIGHTIES

WITH
A DISCUSSION ON THE BURNING QUESTION
OF TO-DAY,

"Shall the Alien Go?"

By

REV. (Captain) WELLINGTON BRIDGMAN

With an Introduction by
REV. (Captain) J. E. HUGHSON, B.A., D.D.
Pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg.



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*To the brave returned men who
fought the Hun in Europe to insure
a free democracy to Britain and the
world:*

*And to the Fathers and Mothers,
Sisters, Brothers, Wives, Daughters
and Sweethearts of the heroic boys
who sleep in France and Flanders
this book is reverently dedicated.*



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INTRODUCTION

Rev. Wellington Bridgman is one of the pioneers in the work of the Methodist ministry in Western Canada. In 1882 he entered the Manitoba and Northwest Conference, which at that time covered the entire territory between the Lakes and the Rockies. With indefatigable energy he has labored at widely separated points across the prairies, opening new fields, building new churches, meeting the incoming settlers with the messages of the Gospel, and helping to lay, deep and broad, the foundations of our national life. He knows the problems of the West, understands our Western spirit, and has watched the progress of the country with an eye quick to detect the elements of strength or weakness that have entered into it. He is unsparing in his strictures upon some features of our immigration policy. He believes that those who come to Canada to enjoy our liberties and opportunities, should be prepared at all times to share our burdens and responsibilities, but at the same time he is sympathetic toward the struggling settler,

who encounters the hardships and difficulties of a new country, and often meets with reverses before he achieves success. We have opened our gates to every class of immigrant, and have talked of Canada becoming the "melting pot" of the races, but the war has lifted the lid and shown us how many of these elements have failed to fuse. This little book deals with some of the causes of our failure. The writer sees the mistakes that have been made in the administration of our governments, the work of our churches and our public school system, but he retains the fullest confidence in the future of the Dominion, and the ultimate solution of our problems. The message of the volume is timely in the present crisis of our national development. It sounds the necessary note of warning, but it calls our Canadian people to greet the future with a cheer.

I have read the book with real interest, and have gathered a great deal of inspiration from it. The old-timer will follow its pages with much pleasure, and the new-comer will get from it a great deal of valuable information. The illustrations from personal ex-

periences are often touched with humor and with pathos. It is well written and very readable.

Mr. Bridgman gave both of his sons to the war, and the youngest is sleeping his last sleep "in Flanders Fields." He knows the price that fathers and mothers have paid for the preservation of our land, and he feels that the blood of our best sons has sanctified its soil. It should be held as a sacred heritage. We must keep the faith with those who sleep. The things for which they died must be the things for which we live. These are the truths we must teach our children, and discuss with one another, until our hearts burn within us. And we must write it over the portals of this great country, in letters that "the strangers within our gates" cannot fail to read as they come to take their place among us.

J. E. HUGHSON.

Grace Church, Winnipeg, Nov. 5, 1919.



BREAKING PRAIRIE SOD

CHAPTER I

BLAZING THE TRAIL IN MANITOBA

DUSTY and train-tired, seated in a baggage car, nearing the northern boundary of Minnesota, on July 12th, 1881, I heard the baggageman say: "Hats off, gentlemen, we are coming into God's country now." In another minute we had crossed the International boundary and were in Emerson.

Rev. Dr. George Young, Founder of Methodism in western Canada, had been appointed Superintendent of Missions, with a roving commission. I was appointed his assistant to look after the field in his absence and to "stay by the stuff." We worshipped in the Tabernacle in Emerson, and in a church just across the river in West Lynn. Beside the Tabernacle stood a framework on which was mounted a bell. That same bell had called

worshippers to Grace Church, Winnipeg, and when General Wolsley's warriors appeared in the days of the Riel rebellion Dr. Young rang the bell so vigorously that he injured its tone. Though marred in tone, however, it still did duty in calling worshippers to the Tabernacle.

In all gatherings in those pioneering days in Manitoba men outnumbered the women. In a congregation of seventy there were five women. At the first wedding I attended the hostess and the bride were the only women present. Twenty-two sat down to that wedding supper—two women and twenty men.

Dr. George Young was a princely man, kindly, judicious, painstaking, and prompt. Every element of his being and attribute of his character was made to contribute to the benefit and advantage of the church he founded so successfully. Rev. Dr. Rice once said: "Everything Dr. Young did showed the most mature wisdom." Of United Empire Loyalist stock, Dr. Young thought it sacrilege to impeach the integrity of the constitution. When a strong man was wanted to act as intermediary between the Government and the Loyalists, under rebel rule, Dr. Young was the man upon



REV. DR. GEORGE YOUNG

Pioneer and Patriot. Founder of Methodism west of the Great Lakes; Builder and Pastor of First Grace Church, Winnipeg; Appointed President of the First Methodist Conference which was held in Wesley Hall, August 1st, 1883.



whom the Government could depend. When the rebel ruler passed death sentence on the Loyalist Scott, Dr. Young was the man to seek Riel out and tell to his face the enormity of his crime. Later, he pleaded with Riel in vain for Scott's body, that he might bring a ray of comfort to the murdered man's mother. When young men were taken prisoners by Riel, the sergeants were always asked to take them to Dr. Young, with whom they left their valuables and received the good man's blessing. At every critical turn and time the old Loyalist was the one strong man upon whom the Government and Loyalists could always depend during the dark days of the first rebellion.

The great event of Manitoba Methodism that first year was the October camp meeting at Meadow Lea. Dr. Rice, Dr. Young, and all the preachers in the Province were in attendance. It was a time of great spiritual blessing and power, and many persons were soundly saved.

The year 1882 found me in Brandon. Rev. Thomas Lawson was superintendent; Clement Williams and I were assistants. Besides Brandon City, we had appointments north,

south and east. Then I was sent west to Griswold. The train stopped on the prairie at the siding. Sitting in a buckboard, waiting, was Archie Speers, a mighty man of God. I had met him at a camp meeting in my father's bush in Ontario, and at Meadow Lea camp meeting the fall before.

Saturday morning we were off bright and early with the buckboard. I saw him heading his horse up to a haystack sixty feet long. I was his guest; it was not for me to "reason why." He said, "Brother Bridgman, we'll consult the Lord about this." He went close beside the stack, knelt, took off his hat and laid it on the ground; I only had to follow. We did not have to pray loudly because the Lord was right there. We told Him that it was the foundation of His cause we were trying to lay, and asked Him to lead and direct in everything. Reader, did you ever feel sure of the victory being won before the battle was fought? Well, that is how we felt that beautiful autumn morning. We then secured from a Christian lady her big dining-room in which to hold the service. Then we visited every home and homesteader in that district. Most of them were

bachelors living in sod huts. On Sunday afternoon we had the house crowded and a blessed time. That was the beginning of Methodism in Griswold and Alexander.

A week later the superintendent said to me: "Bridgman, they say there are no Methodists in Virden, but I don't believe it. I wish you would go up there and see." So on Friday night I went. This gave me time to find a meeting place. I had little bills printed, with spaces left to fill in the meeting-place and the date. I billed the town in the morning. Then I would go to the country and secure a place to preach Sunday morning or afternoon and return to town for the evening service. This time the place was a vacant C.P.R. storehouse, with a good floor and canvas sides. When I came the place was filled. I had two subjects in my mind—one distinctly Methodist on "Assurance"; the other a general subject for a mixed crowd. The tune was pitched by an Englishman who seemed to know his music. The singing was hearty. I was looking for signs of Methodism. In the opening prayer on my left was a voice "responding." In front was another more vigorous, and to my right was a

strong Yorkshire voice shouting "Amen" with emphasis. My text that night was "One thing I know." At the close of the service I found Station, Fort Qu'Appelle, and Edgeley. I was come. Service was opened at Mr. Grimmer's homestead, south on the Pipestone, and north at Mr. English's homestead in the Montgomery neighborhood.

In like manner Moosomin was opened, and Wolsley, Wapella, Broadview, Grenfell, White-wood, Summerberry, Indian Head, Qu'Appelle station, Fort Qu'Appelle, and Edgeley. I was bishop of the whole diocese, the only travelling preacher on a circuit extending from Brandon to Regina. All the people seemed to attend, and a real spirit of worship was in the services. Any place I could not fill on Sunday I would reach on a week night. The collections ran from \$5.00 to \$18.00 per service. That fall and winter I spent \$180.00 on the C.P.R., at half fare. The next spring I reported everything to the district meeting, and the next conference stationed Thomas Lawson at Qu'Appelle Station, J. H. L. Jocelyn at Broadview, P. W. Davies at Moosomin, T. B. Beynon at Virden, and Rev. Mr. Iveson at Gris-

wold, while other places were filled as men became available.

In the new list of stations at the next conference my name stood opposite Medicine Hat and C.P.R. I reached this charge on July 4th, 1883, and found it to be a town of tents, situated on the C.P.R. crossing of the South Saskatchewan River. My nearest neighbor missionary on the east was Rev. Colman Bristol at Moose Jaw, and on the west the Rev. James Turner at Calgary, making my parish a circuit on the C.P.R. 400 miles in length. The only wooden building was the Lansdowne Hotel, and it was filled with guests long before it was half finished. A piled bridge one thousand feet long spanned the river, and the track was laid fifty miles to the West.

I found that the C.P.R. depot was in course of erection, and the contractor allowed me, after six on Saturday night, to shovel out the debris and shavings and sweep it clean, then to place down nail kegs for supports, and lay on eighteen foot planks for seats. The next Sunday I saw my congregations—not many in the morning, a big crowd at night—fair singing—fine attention, and collections for the day

\$18.00. We at once formed an official board and trustee board, started a subscription, secured a site, and in September let a contract for a Methodist church 24 x 40. The Missionary subscribed \$25.00 to the church, and to pay it hired to the contractor for ten days at \$2.50 per day. They were ten hopeful, happy days.

In October, Rev. Dr. Geo. Young preached the opening sermons, dedicated the church, and stayed for the tea meeting on Monday night. The following Sunday, Dr. Young preached the opening sermons and dedicated the present Grace Church in the city of Winnipeg, the mother church of Methodism in the west. This occurred just thirty-six years ago this last October.

The highest gratification in all Christian and Missionary work finds its sublime culmination in turning the first sod—working ground that was never worked before—laying the foundation. Then there is inspiration in the thought that one man is the shepherd of all the sheep. Every man, woman and child was my parishoner. All the people attended my church, and all the children old enough attended Sunday school.

The joy of working with these western people! They saw nothing but visions of progress. The C.P.R. wanted water for their engines, and were down 700 feet. The engineer in charge, worrying over his slow progress, at ten o'clock one dark night struck a match to light his clay pipe when up went a pillar of flame thirty feet high and singed the engineer's beard and eyebrows. That was how natural gas was discovered at the Hat. There was no organization of any kind at first, so a committee was appointed to collect two dollars a month from every family—a teacher was employed, and the first public school was held in the Methodist church.

The first funeral was that of a surveyor who was brought into town and died of fever. For a time we were without a doctor or a nurse, and often our cabin home would be deserted at night, my faithful wife, who is a good nurse, looking after the women, and I doing my best to take care of the men. The first year I visited seventy-seven cases of fever, ^{and} attended eleven funerals.

A fight with guns had taken place on the prairie, and Bob Casey had been brought in to

his hotel mortally wounded. Casey was a good-hearted Roman Catholic, but in the absence of the priest was not I his pastor, and had he not given me a ten dollar bill for my church? So I went. I found him very ill. I said to him: "Mr. Casey, we have always been good friends. We belong to different churches, but the same God is our Father. When I found out I was a 'prodigal' I just went to Him and confessed my sin and asked Him to make me His child, and He did. I am sure if you would ask Him he would do that for you." He thanked me, and when I left I am sure that the grip of his hand meant more than a mere farewell.

The "Special Services" were just the same as when I was converted. We had a "penitent bench," and invited sinners "forward." John McIvors was a slow Scotchman, slow to talk and slow to act, but he was "forward" every night. One evening, in the middle of a season of prayer, John stood up and began to speak. His face was just a gleam of joy. I saw what had happened. John had found the great joy of salvation and imagined he could tell all he felt. When the brother who was praying said "Amen," we all rose and John was still

"going." Never a good talker at any time, he tried in English, then switched over to Gaelic, then to a mixture of both. John's first attempt at public speaking could not be pronounced an unqualified success, but everyone who saw his beaming face read the expression of a joy no mortal tongue can tell.

The opening of a service for the miners at Stair involved a walk of sixteen miles every Sunday. So, tired from the Sunday's work, we often used to call on Donald McIvors to close the service with prayer. Donald was a big, raw-boned specimen of the Highland type, a blacksmith in the mechanical department of the C.P.R. Donald always used English when he talked with men, but always used Gaelic when he addressed God. Very few understood what Donald was saying, but we all listened reverently because we all knew it was prayer.

Dunmore was the first station east of the Hat and the junction of the Galt Railway. A roundhouse, a boarding house, and a few residences made the place when we opened services. I once drove Dr. John A. Williams, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, down there on a Sunday morning and

drummed up the people after we arrived. Fifteen men and a few women were present. The congregation occupied impromptu seats arranged in the roundhouse; the pulpit was the anvil draped with a blacksmith's apron. Dr. Williams preached the simple old Gospel, with all his native eloquence and fervor, as if addressing a metropolitan congregation.

I received a letter asking me to go to Maple Creek to open a service and baptize some children. John and Chester Dixon were the pioneer merchants in the town. These brothers were happily married to two sisters, the Misses Dawson, elect Christian ladies who not only possessed but practised all the Christian graces. There were two families but just one home. Each sister seemed to be mother to all the children. The best example of community-life I ever saw, and one of the brightest Christian homes I ever was in. We baptized their four happy children and conducted services in the town. This was the foundation of Methodism in Maple Creek. At the next conference Rev. C. Teeter was appointed to the field.

CHAPTER II

PLANTING CHURCHES IN ALBERTA

WHEN the Galt road was completed from Dunmore to Lethbridge, there was a free excursion from Medicine Hat, and I saw Lethbridge for the first time. It was then a mixture of tents and houses. Lumber and other material could not be obtained fast enough to build the place. There were probably a thousand people there at that time, and every train brought crowds of workmen and prospectors.

The large Lethbridge Hotel was then being built. The roof was on, the floors were laid, and the building enclosed. There were as yet no partitions. We slept on mattresses on the floor, and tallow candles were used to light the place. On Sunday I preached down at the mines in the morning, where services had been held before, and in the evening in the large billiard room of the Lethbridge Hotel, using the

corner of a billiard table for a pulpit. You never get greater reverence shown the Word of God or closer attention than from the people of western towns. The singing and the services were hearty, and the collection I think was \$20.00. This was the first service held by any denomination in the city of Lethbridge. Announcement was that day made for monthly services in that place, which were continued during my stay in Medicine Hat. The Methodist Church did not pay large salaries in those days, though living expenses were high. During the six years I was in Medicine Hat and McLeod my lowest salary for any one year was \$399.00, and my highest was \$715.00.

The itinerant wheel was about to turn. The appropriations had been very low that year, and nothing had been allowed for rent. My wife, who is an expert economist, had failed in a frontal attack on an impossibility, and there were clouds on the financial horizon. An invitation to Calgary seemed to clear the air, but at conference it was found that an older man had a better claim. A Winnipeg church was offered, but I did not feel that the line of duty pointed there. I said, "Fix the finances so that

I can leave the town honorably and I will go farther West." So the Superintendent of Missions got me \$50.00 from the Missionary Society, loaned me \$50.00, and my people in Medicine Hat presented me with \$100.00. This met every need, and we hit the trail for McLeod, 130 miles to the south-west. One hundred and eight miles on the Galt Railway to Lethbridge, then two teams hitched to a covered Concord coach, took us thirty miles to McLeod, and Pollinger was the Jehu.

Rev. Dr. John MacLean had secured the site and on the rear of the lot stood a trim little log church about 18 x 24. There were two windows on each side, comfortable seats, an aisle in the centre, a pulpit, and the floor was made of whipsawed lumber. Our first congregation numbered seven, of whom two were children. Sunday school and prayer meeting followed.

One Wednesday night we asked for anyone who wanted to know Christ to stand, and a young girl rose. The next prayer meeting she testified to having found Christ to the joy of her life. She proved to be the maid in the N. W. M. Police doctor's family. Her fare from Ontario and \$20.00 a month were the terms of

her agreement, and all the work in the Doctor's family, was the maximum limit of her contract. She only had all the work in the household to do, and what mattered it if she started her washing at four o'clock in the morning, through at eleven. She had the afternoon for rest and Christian work. She was an artist in her way, and the light in the church on Friday evening was to allow her to place the Sunday school lesson on the blackboard for the next Sunday afternoon. She taught in the Sunday school, and prayed and testified in public meetings whenever opportunity afforded. A revival followed, and she became an active Christian worker. The Sunday we closed those services we had to move to the Town Hall, where an audience would have four times filled the little church. A quarterly board was formed, and she was made envelope stewardess, and ever after paid the pastor's salary weekly. Doing Christian work, or collecting funds for charitable purposes, anybody asking her who she was, she always said, "I am Rose Green, Mrs. Kennedy's servant." I do not think that any human calculation can ever estimate the real worth of that quiet Christian life, a life that

everyone knew and everyone wanted to be like. These were pioneer days in the wild and raw west. Flashes of civilization kept flitting across the trails; new importations were added to the society record. Here were merchants' wives, lawyers' wives, police officers' wives, judges' and bankers' wives and daughters. They reeled in the circle; they swarmed in the dance.

Socially, they were dazzling stars. From their conversation flashed wit, from their language culture, from their features beauty, from their throats and fingers sparkled diamonds, but the united aggregate of their accumulated virtues did not carry in that community the unsullied, saintly reflection of that common Christian maid.

The other appointment was Pincher Creek, thirty-two miles south-west, in the foothills of the Rockies. Dr. MacLean had also opened the work here where we preached in the school-house. Lethbridge was also attached to the McLeod field. We had already erected a parsonage on the site, beside the little log church at McLeod, but every one of these three places needed a church. Everyone was beginning in

the country and nobody had any money, but they said, "If you will get the money to purchase the material, we will give the time and labor and build the churches." I had a drive of thirty-two miles every alternate Saturday when I went to Pincher Creek, then home on Monday. These drives afforded ample time for plans and meditation. The scheme I thought the Lord proposed was to go to old Ontario and break up some new ground by asking the ministers to pledge me one collection from every Sunday school on their circuits, to help build three churches under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The conferences visited were Niagara, Guelph, London and Toronto. The scheme was received in every conference with enthusiasm and unanimously adopted. When I got back to McLeod "The Guardian" was there with the list of stations of these conferences. I had circular letters printed and sent one to every superintendent in the four conferences, asking him when to announce the collection and to whom to send the cash.

In the meantime the late Senator Sanford had read of our work while on the Atlantic, so on arrival at Liverpool cabled his firm in Win-

nipeg to forward me \$100.00 on the scheme. Then the responses from the conferences began to come in. The brethren did what they promised. The scheme netted nearly \$3,000.00 in cash. We secured a site at Pincher Creek, and got all the material on the ground. Rev. C. Teeter came up from Maple Creek with his hammer. On Sunday we held services in the schoolhouse, Pincher Creek, and invited all able-bodied men of any creed or color to work every day on the church, commencing Monday morning. We also announced evangelistic services to be held in the schoolhouse every night. On Monday morning, bright and early, the foundation was laid, and merchants, ranchers, cowboys, preachers and policemen received our jobs. Our master mechanic was a Mr. Gladstone, an old timer, distant relative of the English statesman, who paddled and portaged his way, with Hudson's Bay Company, from Montreal to Edmonton, then fringed the Rockies to the Crow's Nest. Our lumber merchant paid him \$4.00 a day for a week and contributed him to us. He was an intelligent, good man. Mrs. A. M. Morden (nee Miss Sarah Mulholland of Eglinton, Toronto), graduate

of Wesleyan Female College at Hamilton (in Dr. Rice's time), and mother of mercy to every one in the district who needed help, served savory dinners at noon time to all workers from a distance. A kindred sympathy makes me tearful when I imagine her sitting in loneliness, thinking of a grave in a far-off land, by reason of war, where sleeps as good and brave a boy as mother heart ever knew. The evangelistic services were times of real power. Bro. C. Teeter preached every evening, a wood butcher by day, a gospel architect by night. One night everybody at the meeting testified to something. Some had not entirely broken away from sin, but they served notice on the devil that when conditions got right he could expect a jolt at any time.

I never saw better men to work. When Saturday night came we had the church all sided, floored, doors and windows in, and three-quarters shingled, so we put in temporary seats and held opening services the next day, Bro. Teeter preaching twice. The week following the church was completed.

We next went to Lethbridge, where we had secured a beautiful church site near the city

square. We were able to pay cash for all material, and employed a competent foreman in the person of Mr. J. Craig. Brother Teeter and I both worked on this church. It was not as easy to obtain voluntary labor as at other places. Nevertheless the work was well pushed and in due time we opened with becoming ceremony an attractive church 24 x 40, with a cheerful auditorium, provided with an organ, and seated with one hundred chairs. Lethbridge has developed into a very strong Methodist centre. This church has enjoyed as pastors such distinguished men as Rev. Dr. Endicott, Secretary of Foreign Missions; Rev. Captain J. E. Hughson, selection of the International Council of the Y.M.C.A., who recently spent a year in France with the Canadian and Imperial Forces, and other men of equal strength. On that same site there now stands an edifice built at a cost of \$80,000.

In Macleod we built the church in front of the little log structure, just beside the parsonage that was erected the year before. J. D. Guail, a local contractor, acted most efficiently as managing director. Jas. Chisholm, architect of Winnipeg, had presented us with plans,

which made exceptionally strong structures. We had plenty of volunteer help here. The barracks were close by. The "boys" could easily get "leave," and they were handy, willing and strong. Others also came in and there was no lack of workers. Then there was the spirit of the workmen that steadied and impelled the work. Oh the positive joy of the constructive time! Conditions often made me think of Nehemiah when he was trying to build "waste places." The sacred writer says, "for the people had a mind to work." After all, the old prophet's plan was all right. Thirty-five years' experience has taught me that there is a big difference between a cold subscription with the "Thank God, that's paid!" and the man who comes along with his tools, takes off his coat and hangs it on the fence, and digs foundations, or saws boards, or drives nails. The real value of a man's gift is always measured by the sacrifice he makes.

Then the opening day came. It was a happy, grateful crowd. A year ago stern impossibility stared us in the face. Now the third church was a glad reality. The men had worked; the women had helped and sympathized at home.



The members of four conferences had given their aid, the superintendents had joined hands, and the nickels and pennies of the children of nearly 400 Sunday Schools had helped to make that trinity of churches a joyous reality. Rev. John MacLean, of the Blackfoot Mission near by, was the preacher of the day. The congregation was receptive and ripe for what they knew was coming. Always strong, sympathetic and helpful, the doctor was tender that day and gave us the old Gospel in a message full of pathos and power.

An incident at the close of the service might be in place. A little Scotch-Canadian baby boy was to be baptised, and a little Irish-Canadian boy was to receive the same rite. Dr. MacLean was father of one and I was father of the other. Our wives decided we were to exchange babies for the baptismal service. Those children were very dear to their parents, but through the ravages of time and the exigencies of the war, both those dear boys are now in "glory," promoted and honored to the highest there is, and kingly crowns they wear.

The memory of those dear old days will never fade from the mind. Every power the

man possessed was harnessed into active work. History was being rapidly made. Changes and transformations played a part in all social and commercial movements, and the church had to retain her sanctity and advance with them, or fall behind where there was nothing to do. But the infinite joy of the foundation time! The sublime charm of consecrated activity in the church of Jesus Christ in the formative period has no parallel.

In some ways I am a strong man still, though measurably broken by the war, and sometimes in the midnight hours when sleep eludes me, I institute a panorama in the darkness, all my own, and throw on the screen struggles and battles, efforts and activities, achievements and triumphs, persons and places, reaching back thirty-seven, thirty-five and thirty-one years. Oh such company! Many of those heroes and heroines who fought side by side with us have fallen in the ranks, and have received their regular promotion, but their spirit and steadfastness, as memory portrays them, will remain our joy and our inspiration.



CHAPTER III

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARLY WEST

WHEN Troy (now Qu'Appelle Station) was new (1883), there lived an innocent old man whom everybody knew as "Daddy." If he had any other name, I never heard it. "Daddy" differed from other men in that pioneer town in that he paid "cash" for everything. The old man lived alone in his little shanty near the centre of the town. Late one Saturday night Daddy went into the town store to make his little purchases, paid cash, and went out. After he had gone, the merchant said, "There is one man who always pays cash." At this remark, two Indian halfbreeds who were lounging about his store, looked significantly at each other. Two weeks later, Mr. Caswell, merchant and banker of the town, asked me if I had seen Daddy recently. I said, "I had not." A search revealed the fact that the cabin was empty, but in the rear of the lot

Daddy's body was found covered with snow and brush, and bearing marks of violence. The Mounted Police prepared the body for burial and asked me to read the service at the grave. Daddy's was the first body buried at Qu'Appelle Station. The two French halfbreeds were suspected and convicted of murder, and they were the first two criminals hanged at Regina, capital of the North-West Territories at that time.

When one is the only pastor in a place it is amazing how easily you can drop denominationalism. In "fever" days in Medicine Hat I found an Anglican raving in delirium with fever. I could not be with him all the time, so I collected fifty dollars and paid it to a Roman Catholic to take care of him until he was safe to leave alone.

We were then without either doctors or nurses, and the fever was raging. One day I found the genial freight and baggage agent at the C.P.R. absent from his place. He, too, was English Church. I found my way to his cabin and here he was down with fever and quite out of his mind. Often I used to make my rounds early in the morning, and find him out in the

blazing sun, quite unconscious who he was or where he was. I would get him back into bed, tuck him in, and administer our simple remedies. A kind Providence and a good constitution enabled most of those men to pull through. A few years later, at a Portage la Prairie conference, I was, at his request, billeted at his home. He was Mr. Fred. Newman, at that time mayor of the city.

In these early days indoor help was very scarce. There was no one but the Indian women, and they were novices at the delicate art of washing clothes. Wash day came that week, and my wife was sick in bed. I said, "I can do that little wash." So under "instructions" I was working in the shade of our little cabin when a pleasant voice said, "Is there anything you preachers can't do?" I looked up and here was the genial Hon. J. C. Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. I began the usual apology, but he cut me off with, "Not a word; I never valued more the work and worth of the Methodist preachers than I do to-day."

The following conference I had the pleasure of meeting Governor Aikins by accident, at the

residence of Colonel Benson, at Stony Mountain. Here he was the same genial gentleman, taking an interest in everything. This day for dinner we were to try the edible qualities of Manitoba wild turkey (sand hill crane). Entering the hall of that home we had all found places for our hats on a hallrack and on the splendid antlers of an elk. We found the wild turkey fine, and also noted the suppressed chatter of a bevy of young girls who seemed to be busy in the hall. When we came out, not a man of us could locate his hat. All good hats at that time had silk lining, and generally in loud colors, as red, blue, pink or white, and most of us marked our hats by the color of the lining. It was also the time when crazy patchwork and quilts were all the rage, and these young ladies had divested every hat of its gaudy internal decoration, the governor's with the rest. No one enjoyed the joke better than the lieutenant-governor, and when we got the hats adjusted to their proper owners, he laughingly remarked,—“Girls will be girls.”

At the second Christmas tree entertainment held in Medicine Hat, a tiny envelope was taken from the tree and a real live Santa Claus

called out the name "Baby Bridgman," and it happened that the six weeks' old young gentleman and his mother were present. Unfolding it, on returning, we found a yellow coin with a hole, through which a blue baby ribbon had been drawn and tied in a bow. Neither of us had seen one like it. The coin carried no mark to indicate its value. I asked a Montana cowboy. He did not know. I interrogated a Canadian from Ontario—he had never seen one like it before. I next asked an English coal miner, whose name was William Taylor. He said, "It is an English sovereign, and is worth five dollars."

This William Taylor and his wife were members of my church and they had a bright little son and heir who was one of the first babes, if not the first, to be christened in Medicine Hat. His parents afterwards moved to Lethbridge, and when the great war began this promising boy heard God's call to join the C.E.F. and fight in freedom's cause. I read in a Lethbridge paper that the brave boy holds the distinctive honor of having been the first of that city's heroic sons to lay down his life for the Empire.

On that same Christmas tree came a Christmas card with this inscription: "His name shall be called Counsellor." That night his mother dreamed we had named him "Morley"; so the next day Baby Bridgman got his name "Morley Counsellor." His boyhood and young manhood were a joy and brightness to our home. In 1909 he graduated in medicine from the Manitoba University. In 1915 he heard the Empire's call and was accepted by the Medical Service of the Imperial Army. After training for a time in England he was attached to the 7th Borderers as medical officer to a British battalion of 1,240 men. They marched through France for days and entered action in the great First of July drive at Fricourt in 1916. He escaped everything until the evening of the 4th, when word came that the captain was missing. My boy said, "I have all the wounded in good shape. I will get two sets of stretcher-bearers, and as I saw him in a certain district an hour ago, I will go with the boys and bring him in." After three-quarters of an hour's search in No Man's Land they found the captain with his face down. They turned him over,—he was dead.



CAPTAIN DR. MORLEY C. BRIDGMAN

Regimental Officer in the 7th Borderers Imperials, entered
great drive July 1st, 1916 Wounded at Fricourt, July
4th: reached the 3rd General Hospital, London, England,
July 8th.



That morning my son had seen the chaplain, who was quartered two miles back. He handed him a little ritual and said, "If you have any dead, bury them and read this." Then he said, "Load him on; I have two others who have died of wounds. We will bury them all after sundown when the Huns can't see us." As the party were coming out of the second German trench, an enemy high explosive went off above the ground and fifty feet ahead of them, killing the intelligence officer by his side, and one of the stretcher-bearers instantly, and wounding another. My son also got his wounds there; hit in the shoulder, arm, hand, neck, face and chest. The dead captain was taken off the stretcher and my boy placed on, where he received first aid—then back to the first base—thence to the third General Hospital in London, where, by reason of one paralyzed arm and the other hand in splints, an English nurse fed him for seven weeks. He is now a pensioner in the British Army and on the Returned Soldiers' Re-establishment Commission, and though scarred and maimed for life, still brings comfort to his Canadian wounded returned comrades. He never talks about the

war and avoids all reference to his experience at the front; but in his heart he is satisfied in the sight of God and man that he tried to do his little part.

So as these happy little prattlers played round our doorsteps and firesides, and as we rejoiced at their engaging childishness, we little thought that they would ever be called by God to the high work of humbling the Hun and making free the nations of Europe, who all their life had been held in military bondage.

It is not difficult to catch the spirit of a new country. The people you meet are like yourself; they are quite human. They are different in this—they have caught a vision, they have taken a perspective, and they do not hesitate. They move forward to it, and you move with them. You first find it in the atmosphere you breathed. It seemed to possess building power—to stimulate, invigorate and inspire. The heart appeared to possess all power and send the blood coursing through your veins with great heavy pulsations. A most noticeable thing was the appetite everyone carried into the country, ready for every meal; hungry all the time; this experience applying not only to ro-

bust, healthy people, but to invalids and everybody. One lady visiting a friend in her Manitoba prairie home remarked, "I am simply ashamed at the way I am impelled to follow my appetite." And with it all, here is a fact that was sustained by general corroboration. The person who was a dyspeptic in old Ontario was free from his trouble here. The one whose asthma made his life a burden in the east drew his last asthmatic breath when he reached this fair western domain. The rheumatic sufferer declares that he left his last rheumatic pain when he cleaned his boots of Ontario mud, and has never felt a pain since he hit this eldorado of the west.

The quality of the soil was never in question, and the verdict was the same by both the novice and the agricultural expert. Emerson was the gateway city in those days. The only railway entering the province crossed the international boundary there. In the spring, after the grain was sowed, you saw nothing but a level plain of old, black turf. When the tiny green blades appeared in the field and the vegetables began to show in the garden, they looked very pretty on the dark background. In the fall the wheat

would stand to your shoulders, oats to your chin, and corn far above your head. The Red River Valley land is said to be the best in the world. Patches of it have been known to be cropped for thirty-five consecutive years and are still "going strong."

The people of the church lacked nothing in energy and enterprise. The men were mostly of the younger son type. It was he who saw visions and pushed his way into the far country. The elder brother stayed on the old homestead. When the younger son was converted, the father and all the world liked him the better of the two. It was this class of young man who led in church affairs and business circles. The tabernacle was filled at all the services and crowded to overflowing in the evening. The Sunday School had an attendance of 200, and a most excellent staff of teachers. The Christmas tree entertainment in 1881 was all given by the children, and I thought it the finest of the kind I had ever enjoyed. The "Model Church," and "Hang up the Baby's Stocking" were two of the juvenile selections.

Often I used to be struck with the wealth displayed in the wearing apparel of a western

congregation. The winter showed the best effect. Signs of prosperity were visible on every hand. Business was booming, real estate constantly changing hands, and almost every person had some one or more side lines which were wealth producing. Then the sublime optimism of all the people would always strike the newcomer. Every man was sure his town would be a metropolitan city, and sometimes the bitter rivalry between little places would often be startling and amusing.

The townsites of Emerson and West Lynn lay side by side, separated by the Red River, which was crossed by a wooden bridge. A horse died in Emerson, and, as usual, the owner hauled the animal across the bridge to a low ravine in the woods, far from West Lynn, still inside the corporation limits. Word was at once sent to the mayor, who at once despatched a legal messenger to the Emerson citizen, giving him so many hours to remove the nuisance. At once he hastened to obey the injunction. Arriving at the ravine he found the Indians had held a feast and a pow-wow, and lo the horse was no more. Then the spirit of poetry descended upon the editor of the town paper,

and he wrote four stanzas of pure doggerel, expatiating on the faithful services the animal had rendered, the value he had been to his various owners, and the nature of the disease that had ended his mortal career. Dr. Young dearly loved a joke. That evening he was reading "The International," and laughingly said to me, "How is this for Shakesperian imitation?" The last verse read like this:

"No more will that horse be the subject of
 strife,
 And vex the West Lynn people out of their
 life;
While all was asleep without cry or din,
 The Red Indian gobbled him up at West
 Lynn."

CHAPTER IV

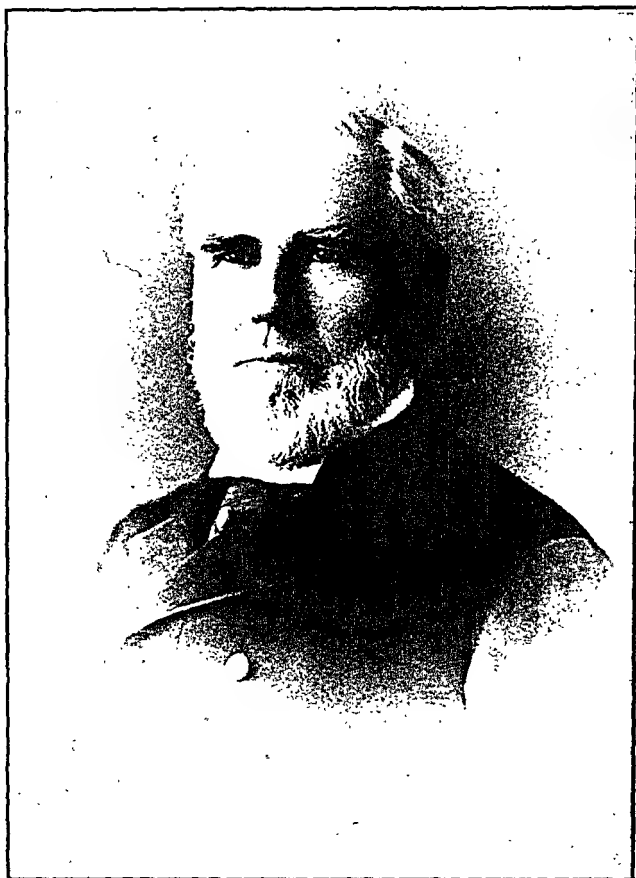
HENRY WARD BEECHER AND THE FIRST CONFERENCE

WINNIPEG was chosen as the meeting place of the first Methodist conference held west of the Great Lakes. The opening was dated Wednesday, August 1, 1883. Rev. Dr. George Young, father and founder of Methodism in the west, was appointed first president, and presided with great dignity at all the sessions. Representatives, clerical and lay, were in attendance from all our circuits and missions, from Port Arthur on the east to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, also including the Indian Missions of the North. That conference, like the congregations of the time, was largely made up of young men, but the energy, activity and sober judgment in all committee and conference work could well have characterized men of weightier years. Every agency and department of the

church that looked to improve conditions, or render more effective the scope of the church's effectiveness, was followed up and worked out in minute detail; while all departments received sound and sober consideration. If I would name two on which special emphasis was laid, I would say "Evangelism" and "State of the work." I remember two distinguished visitors who honored us with their presence. Hon. J. C. Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, gave us a strong impromptu, optimistic talk, extending his vision and ours far into the church's future greatness and success.

The meeting place of that conference was on Main Street, a portion of the site now occupied by the Industrial Bureau. A building three storeys high had been erected with five stores on the ground floor. The next two storeys were an immense auditorium. You entered from the street a wide stairway. Turning to the right at the top you entered Wesley Hall, a large, well-lighted chamber, with raised platform at one end, which was occupied by pulpit and choir, and the large auditorium was seated with chairs.

Into this room, at a morning session of that



HON. J. C. AIKINS

Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba from 1882 to 1886. Who was present and delivered an inspiring address at the first Methodist Conference held in the North-West, 1883. Father of Sir James Aikins, present Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba.



first conference, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher strolled. He wore a short, navy-blue, sack coat, long, white hair and a soft, black, felt hat. This was thirty-five years ago, and at that time Mr. Beecher was an old man. Rev. Dr. E. A. Stafford was the pastor of Grace Church (Wesley Hall), and to him fell the honor to introduce the noted preacher to the president, who in turn presented him gracefully to the conference. With perfect ease and grace, and without an effort, he stood there among the brethren and talked as one in sympathy, one in thought, one in sentiment, one in life work, and one in love. Standing there like an angel of power, his first sentence caught and held. "The formative period of a country is the most important of all, just as is the foundation of any structure. Anybody may follow the pathfinder, but all honor to the men who blaze the trail and make the path. To be there at the beginning, and lay foundation when other foundations are being laid, to witness the building of the barges that sail the rivers, and the mills that manufacture the goods, and the bridges that extend from bank to bank, and the railroads that carry the merchandise to the mar-

kets of the world. The work and responsibilities of the metropolitan church may look good to the young pulpiteer, and he may think that he sees the climax of a coveted career, but the happiest days of my life were when I, as a common co-laborer, down along the Ohio, was permitted to preach the simple old Gospel to the common people. It was the formative period in everything. The ink on the first town plan wasn't any more than dry. The first rude wharf still hung on the riverside. The pioneer merchant sold goods in the first store that was built. A wooden boot, as a sign, showed the place where the first shoemaker did business. The cabin in every little clearing in the forest showed where the pioneer settler lived. And the log church in the town, with dovetailed corners and board roof, was the pioneer church where all the first settlers met to worship God, and I was the preacher. When I take a reflective mood, and memory selects only the high, bright spots, I always come to a standstill there." Then he said, "Brethren, you live in the middle of such times; your opportunities are great."

In the evening he lectured in the old Princess

Opera House, and his subject was "The Reign of the Common People." In his argument the speaker endeavored to show, by a practical example, how education and enlightenment will win out against untrained physical force and energy. The great civil war was still fresh in his memory. Even to the last the north was pressed for men. To draft a new battalion they had to go to law clerks and clerks in stores, banks and offices. These were young men with soft hands and muscles, but generally educated.

The other half were to be "bushwhackers" and lumberjacks from the pine woods of Maine. These were big men with hard hands and hard muscles. It was summer time and they were to come down by the boat from Bangor. As the boat was timed to arrive in the evening, Mr. Beecher went down to see them "come in," and these north men surely measured up to every expectation. There was no barracks or other provision made for these men, so they prepared to bunk on the wharf. Mr. Beecher intimated that Plymouth Church was empty, and he was sure the men could be made comfortable there. The offer was accepted and the men marched up. The crimson cushions

of the church pews proved to be just the thing. At twelve o'clock that night Mr. Beecher went in to see how everything was going, and for once he saw "Plymouth congregation all asleep." In a few days they were ready for a start. Here was a straight try-out between youth and education on one hand, and physical force and awkwardness on the other. The first day's march to the front showed them to be about equal. The second day the lumberjacks began to lag. The third day the big men from the north played out entirely, while youth and intelligence pushed bravely on to the seat of war.

Brandon has always held a picturesque place in the history of the central west ever since it was founded in 1881. Grand Valley came within an ace of being the site, but the owners held the price a little high and the railway company moved the site farther west to the higher and drier situation which the city holds to-day. The city, too, has been fortunate in having among its population enough men of steady calibre and clear balanced judgment upon whom a confident populace can always safely depend. Nor has it been without its agitators

and adventurers, its enthusiasts and its faddists, for without these no population would be complete.

Transportation on the Assiniboine River was never a paying or satisfactory proposition. The windings of the river forced you to travel twice the distance, and even then you could only run your boats when the water was the highest. The ox-cart was slow and undependable, and this feature made the rates very high.

The first taste Brandon got of railway rates caused a commotion. The steel had been laid, freight traffic instituted, and here were the bales and boxes of goods and the bills of lading. The charges may not have been higher than they should have been, but the people thought they were. A few hours is ample time to advertise an "indignation meeting," in an average western town; so that very night the "show was on." The meeting place was in a large, new, unfinished store; I think it was on Rosser Ave. Well, that place was literally packed with people. Someone was in every place where one could sit or stand or hang.

The meeting was free and easy. There seemed to be no chairman, but as the spirit

moved a man he would get to the front and "go to it." Three or four speakers, all on the same side, had been most severe in their denunciation of the great railway, vying with each other in cutting epithets, as "heartless syndicates," "soulless corporations," "conscienceless blood-suckers," until everybody was ready for someone to come to the defence of the big corporation, and he came. He was a tall, slim man with an eye-glass, knickerbockers and a cane. It was Captain Grenville. He said, "I always did admire British fair play, and wherever I have heard a man or a company attacked in their absence, I have felt it my duty to come to their defence. I have been more than amused at your frantic efforts to hit out at something or somebody. You make me think of a pack of poodle dogs barking at the heels of an elephant, and the elephant does not know you are barking." There were constant interruptions up to this time. Then he said, "What if the C.P.R. had not built?" The crowd now began to listen. "Where would this country have been if it had not been for the C.P.R.?" But the next question capped the climax. "Where would the people of this country have been if it

had not been for the C.P.R.?" Just then a theatrical voice, in a clear tone, at the right time, piped out, "In Huron and Bruce." It was so well timed that the effect was electrical. Everybody heard it, and the whole audience went off into convulsions of laughter, which would quiet down, then break out again. The speaker saw that all seriousness was gone. The people went out, still laughing at the joke, and the big corporation escaped without even a vote of condemnation. In a few days conditions adjusted themselves and everyone was satisfied.

Christmas time in the early eighties was no ordinary event. Especially was this true in the west, where to thousands of people it was the first Christmas away from the old eastern home. There is no use denying the facts that once in a while feelings of fondness for the old home and the dear ones down there would break in. At the best and brightest of times imagination would get ahead of you, and you would see the tall pine forests, the Christmas tree, and hear the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, and the old fireplace jamb, and the stockings hanging in a row. With your imagination in a mood like that you did not need photos to

produce the features of your loved ones. Memory is never so vivid as when it starts out on a trail like that. Sometimes you would actually get comfort by going out into the night and looking up into the full, open face of the moon. You could revel in the thought that the same old moon that looked down on you shone on the dear old homestead two thousand miles away. For the moment you might shed a few tears. But there was nothing degrading, no thought of being overcome or dragged down. Your spirit and optimism would always hold you to the belief that once the new rough edges were worn smooth you could have as good and joyous a Christmas as ever you had enjoyed in the East.

Brandon was the town, the Methodist church was the place, and 1882 was the year. There were hosts of children in the city, and very many young people, especially young men. At a meeting to arrange for a Christmas tree there seemed a disposition to get away from the east. A proposition was made to have it "free." That was not agreed. Then, to charge ten cents. That failed to carry. It was then moved to charge 25 cents admission,—that car-

ried. Here was an unheard-of thing to charge 25 cents admission to a Christmas tree.

This plan called for a good crowd and good entertainment. So 400 tickets were printed and distributed to twenty little girls. Eager, enterprising teachers vied with each other to produce the newest and best things from recent entertainments. Rehearsals were held to put finishing touches on everything. I am not sure but that many willing helpers threw their energies into this enterprise to keep out thoughts of other times and scenes that would crowd in. One Elton homesteader brought the evergreens from Carberry plains. Two Christmas trees stood there groaning beneath the weight of presents they bore. ~~The entertainment represented everything from the "Anvil Quartette," to the infantile declaimer, including the temperance orator. "He did not know there was not going to be no Temperance Meeting here to-night."~~

Well, that place was just crowded full. The children were admitted free. Everybody received some gift. A real live Santa Claus, attired to suit the time, dispersed the presents and funny witticisms during the evening. The

twenty little girls sold the tickets, and the Sunday school treasurer received a cheque for \$105.00, the proceeds of the evening. Brandon Sunday school was then, and has continued to be, one of the best schools in the province, and it is said that never since that Christmas entertainment has it been without a substantial bank account.

The spirit of optimism seemed to hold the people to everything. No one knew why, but some way they felt certain that the future of the country was assured. And as for the town,—sure it would be a metropolitan city. There were two papers and two editors, and they used to have paper fights and both won in every contest. The evenings were long, but then there were lodges and the rinks and the ice carnival to engage the attention.

One of the papers, in reporting the success of an ice carnival, remarked that “a gentleman in a costume representing a United States general was often seen skating with a very pretty girl whose costume represented Canada,” and he ventured the further remark, “that it looked as if it might be a case of annexation.” And sure enough, it was.

The weather was cold, even far below zero, but "you did not feel it," though you had reminders every day. You had to have plenty of clothes, and had to wear most of them all the time. It was a common thing for a man to meet his friend or a stranger on the street and say, "Excuse me, but your nose is frozen." The other would be apt to reply, "Excuse me, yours is, too." Without even slacking their pace each would rub out the frost with a bit of snow and hasten on to his office or his merchandise.

Booze, too, has always been considered an important product in a new country. Indeed, many believed it to be a necessity. Stranger than all, it carried its elastic contradictions by claiming its use would keep the person cool in summer and prevent him congealing in winter. But one occasion is fresh in my mind when it did not work. Having a funeral to attend ten miles out of town on a bitterly cold day, although well clad I had all I could do to keep from freezing. Ahead of me was a livery rig containing four men. They, too, had fur coats and gauntlets. Being right ahead of me I could not help but see a bottle "going the rounds." The head would go back and the bottle and

gauntlet up in the air. It never got back to me. When we all reached our destination I was the only one able to remove my greatcoat. All the others had to be assisted.

Courts of law were great places in those days and booze sellers all had their troubles. The pernicious practice of rewarding the informer with half the fine often brought witnesses from most unexpected sources.

A band of Birtle Indians had come down to visit Brandon and finished up what was considered a "good time" with great hilarity. The next to come from the north was the Indian agent, the object of whose visit was to look after his wards. In those days it was a criminal offence, punishable with heavy fines, to sell, buy, or give firewater to the Red Man. The agent spent one day on a Sherlock Holmes' stunt and brought a round dozen to face a serious charge. Most of them were regular booze sellers, while a few were the victims of a single sale. The Indian invariably evinces wonderful aptitude in remembering men and places. At first the accused was placed in the dock and the Indian was asked, under oath, to identify his man. In this he never failed. Objection was

raised that this made it too easy for the Indian. It was then proposed to hide the accused down in the crowd and allow the Indian to go down and pick out his man. In every such test the Red Man's eagle eye would sweep up and down the rows until the right man was reached, and amid the laughter of the crowd the accused was always "it." After two or three successful tests the balance of those against whom charges had been laid pleaded guilty and paid the fines of the court.

The general health of the community was wonderful. Occasionally there would be fever or tuberculosis. A Mr. Logie, with wife and baby, moved in from the country to a cabin home in the west. Quick consumption is what we called it then. It was in the winter he died, and on the day he was to be interred we were in the worst blizzard we had ever experienced. There were just four of us at that funeral, including the preacher. Arriving at the cemetery we found the grave filled to the top with snow, which was not an uncommon experience in the early days. We soon shovelled out the snow, lowered the body, and filled in the grave before dark.

The ladies of the church and the young men sent Mrs. Logie washing and mending, and being tidy and industrious and a handy needlewoman, she made easy provision for herself and babe. Getting her wood cut was a problem. Poplar poles were bought by the sleigh load and old toppers from the Club Hotel near by, dry for a drink, would come over, cut for an hour, get a quarter, and perhaps forget to come back. It made the service very intermittent.

Twenty young men of the church agreed that after the meeting on a certain night we would go and cut and split Mrs. Logie's wood. We brought crosscut saws and buck saws, saw-horses and axes, and cached them in secret places along the route from the church to Mrs. Logie's place. Meeting over, we gathered up all the tools on the way and marched to the attack. The preacher was sent in to tell Mrs. Logie that she might hear some disturbance outside, but not to be afraid, and to get the proper length to cut the wood.

Young men who had not touched a bucksaw since they were boys took hold, and lo, the lost art came back. Others hitched to the handle

of a crosscut saw, and others swung axes that glittered in the moonlight, splitting blocks of wood. Mr. Will T. White was editor of the Brandon "Sun" and leader of the Methodist church choir. His good wife, Mrs. White, and her sister, Miss Templeton, took a kindly interest in Mrs. Logie, and hearing a commotion, Mr. White came over to see what the "Moonlight Surprise Party" meant. The editor and choir leader, though a little older, was still "one of the boys," and was delighted to see those piles of logs fade away. Later, Mr. White appeared again with a message from the ladies, for the whole twenty to come to the White residence for oysters, when we got through with the wood. Then everything did fly. We cut and split every stick in sight, and dug under the snowbanks until we found the last log. A woodshed was piled full and a pyramid of split wood close by stood as high as Mrs. Logie's cabin.

Going to Mr. White's home, we found a long table spread and steaming oysters served. Mr. White pointed us to our seats and we obeyed. At length we were all seated but one, a Mr. Wallace, a big man with a merry twinkle

in his eye. Mr. White still stood and motioned Mr. Wallace to the only vacant chair, but Mr. Wallace smilingly signalled Mr. White to the same place. Not a word was spoken, but those big men clinched, each generously endeavoring to place the other in the vacant seat. It was a very pretty contest presided over by twenty referees. But, as usual, the ladies came to the rescue with another plate and another chair. So we crowded a little closer and the two generous contestants, both victors by the way, were permitted to sit and eat their oysters side by side.

Oh, the positive joy of a night like that! No one contemplated such an ending. They were a bunch of twenty young men prompted by the same generous impulse. The fact that they wanted to help someone—to help someone who needed it—and the further fact that it was all voluntary, made them kindred spirits. In all the joyous and festive intercourse of that evening there was not a discordant note.

I could not but be impressed with the company I was in that night. Thirty-six years have passed and I remember them as of yesterday. Frank, strong, brave, open-hearted, their gen-

erous natures found them favor with God and man. Some have held high government positions, some members of legislatures, mayors of western cities, heads of financial corporations, farmers and merchants,—not a failure among them. Some of them I have not seen for thirty years, but all I have heard of them has been in their favor.

One of the finest features of western civilization in the early days was the responsiveness of the people. Present something to them that had the zip of appeal and you could count on their sympathy and active help. Visiting the Immigration Hall in Brandon, I used to meet a Welsh family by the name of Jones, made up of father, mother, and four very pretty little children. It was noticed that the father occupied the cot a good part of the day. It was afterwards discovered that "galloping consumption" was the name of his trouble, and that the family was just about at the finish of their funds. Word was quietly sent to the Methodist church authorities, and the next Sunday evening, after the collection had been taken, an appeal was made when \$87.00 was placed on the plate. This was handed to a

small committee of ladies of the congregation to purchase food for the family, and luxuries for the sick father. Late that spring I was about to leave Brandon. Going to the Immigration Hall I found that my friends were still there. I had come to love these people. The father's bright eyes, hectic glow on each cheek, and the temperature told me that he would cross the "border" soon. His wife said it was only a matter of days. So with prayer and farewells we parted.

Twelve years after, on Sunday, July 11, I had to attend the opening of an Orange Hall at Elgin, and the same evening to preach to the Orangemen at Souris, at which place there was to be a great Orange demonstration the next day.

That forenoon a man and his wife stopped me on the street and asked me if I knew them. I said, "If you are the man I think you are you were due to go to heaven twelve years ago." He said, "I did not go yet." Then he told me how his one lung had dried up and the other lung had not contracted the disease. His friends told me, when it was seen that he was going to get better, the Methodists of Brandon

secured for him a homestead that everyone else had passed by, got him a team and a cow, and built him a little home and a sod stable. The neighbors in all the countryside were very kind, and that industrious mother, with that family of growing, helpful children, even with the drawback of an invalid father, made good. At this very time he had sold his homestead and bought a larger and better farm, and was quite on the highway to affluence and independence. Behind that "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed" is a hidden force of dynamic power that rides down any handicap.

This overcoming a disadvantage always reminds me of the Irish sheep rancher who kept his herd in a lonely place. He was convinced that divine oversight extended far beyond the human and he never went further than his own flock for proof. The story was that he named one of his sheep Patsy, after himself, and the animal died. Then he gave another the same name, and it also died. He then picked out a little lamb and called it Patsy, and its mother died. Then Pat and the lamb were both up against a problem. There was no cow's milk

to resort to, so for breakfast he caught and held a mother sheep while Patsy took refreshment, and for the next meal he did the same. Patsy proved a quick student of conditions and was always on the alert. A mother sheep bleating for her lamb; Patsy's quick ear caught the call and was always there "first." Whether it was that the lamb got more, or that he got a greater variety, Patsy grew to be the biggest and best lamb in the whole flock. So what seems to be a handicap at first often proves the way to develop latent energy and greater success.

In those early days the trend of everything was westward. The supply terminal of the C.P.R. was at Swift Current, but the trains ran only to Moose Jaw. Thousands of homesteads had been entered for along the line. In some cases the man was living on his claim, in others he had gone east to accompany his family west in the spring. My trip was every fortnight, leaving Brandon on Friday afternoon and reaching Qu'Appelle Station at five in the morning. Often that night trip would have been dull had it not been for the pranks of the train hands, of which there were three in addition to the conductor. One, a stout, heavy-set,

rosy-faced lad, just bubbling over with fun, whom they called Jumbo, had been very successful in springing tricks on the others, and they were watching for their turn. That night it came. While I was talking with one of them, another came in and excitedly said, "Come on Bill, Jumbo is in fine condition." They rushed ahead about three cars, and we quietly followed. One of the men picked up a newspaper as he passed, and folded it in a loose roll. In the last seat alone in the corner sat Jumbo, head back, mouth open, and fast asleep. The leader in this episode twisted one end of his paper roll small enough and pushed it into the sleeper's mouth, at the same time struck a match and ignited the other end, holding it safely away so it did not burn his clothing. The flame crept up, illuminating his features—then his eyes opened—first, a surprise, then a stare, then he smiled and finally joined in the laugh with the rest of us. He was a mother's boy, and furnished sure proof that while he was fond of working jokes on others, he was manly enough to laugh one off when played on himself.

Those were the days when we held services

wherever we could, generally in school houses or boarding houses. Chater was the first town east of Brandon on the C.P.R. We had long bothered the good people who kept the boarding house there, and partly to relieve them, and partly to secure a larger meeting place for the congregation, a church building was suggested. With characteristic western vim a meeting was called, and action taken at once.

The Methodist church officials in Brandon secured the site, and by means of a subscription list sufficient funds were secured to pay for the lumber and other material, all of which were purchased in Brandon and sent to Chater by freight. All material on the site, the next thing to do was to appoint a foreman carpenter to lay out the work. The word was sent to all the homesteaders and ranchers. This was a building everybody could work on. The church building was perfectly plain, 24 x 36 in size, three plain windows in each side, 10 feet to the plate, and half pitch roof. The nationality of the workers was English, Irish and Scotch, and from Huron and Bruce. The homesteader is a most adaptable man. He is handy with tools of any kind. Brought up on a farm, he comes

by the best technical education of any class of boys. These men had built their own houses and stables and granaries. There was no lack of life or jollity or fun. Someone always had some joke or story to tell, or some witticism to contribute, and the spirit of the enterprise seemed to give impulse to everything. With ten or twelve men such as we had there every day we soon had the siding on and the roof covered and the floor laid. The shingling was the coldest job. I remember we heated the shingle nails in a tin-pan, and this helped to warm our numb fingers.

Everything finished, the church was opened on a Sunday in March. On Monday evening following a great tea and entertainment was held. Thirty persons in a sleighload, including the Methodist choir, went down from Brandon, and altogether we had one of those jolly, social evenings so characteristic of the prairie provinces. This was the first church built in the Brandon district outside of the city of Brandon.

CHAPTER V

THE MINISTER A "SERVANT"

IT was the object of the Methodist preacher in the early days to help in every way he could. He filled his appointments on Sunday, but on Monday and every day of the week he was in with the settlers to try out the country. Everything was passing through the experimental period—soil, climate, implements, grain—were all on trial, and the settler was just getting his introduction to everything.

It was on a bright September afternoon, when the young preacher drove up to meet his parishioner coming across the end of a forty-acre field of wheat. The preacher was not a big man and that wheat stood as high as his head. After exchanging salutations the preacher said, "Well, how is everything going?" "Going? Well, all this morning there was just one big fight between me and 'Old Nick.' Sometimes he had me down, and sometimes I

was on top." It was just that fight of Christian and Apollyon over again. "I didn't make a break; I didn't swear once; but it has been the hottest time of my life. She's new and she ought to work, but she'll just tie one and miss four. I have completely exploited all my mechanical ingenuity and I can't make her work. Do you know what is before me? I'll just have to open that fence and drive the whole 'shooting match' fourteen miles to the expert." Even yet the beads of perspiration stood on his face.

All this time the young preacher was hitching his five-year-old filly to the corner post of the barb-wire fence. Then he crawled under the lowest wire and walked up to the binder. Yes! The same machine, dozens of which he had sold and set up during the two years he worked in an implement agency, and the knoter also was very familiar. He saw at a glance what was wrong. He slackened one place just a little and tightened another, and said, "Now try it." The driver jumped to the seat and started his team. Well, it tied ten as the preacher counted them, and the binder went the round and never missed a sheaf. The beam-

ing face of that settler showed the gladdest and happiest man that ever was seen. Methodist and all, he danced for joy as far as his limited space would permit. Then he said, "The Lord must have seen the fight that went on here all forenoon, and so sent you here to referee the game." Anyway, it shows from what unexpected sources relief and victory may sometimes come. That little practical effort to help someone that day had the effect to bring all the preachers in the settlement in good standing with the homesteader. He liked them all, but the one, special, fair-haired boy was the hero of that knotter episode, Billy Hughes, now Rev. Dr. W. R. Hughes, of Newdale.

7. Grain growing on the western prairie sometimes presents some funny freaks. While the farmer aims to reap his crop as he sowed it, he gets a little behind and he finds a hundred acres ripe all at once. A Methodist farmer and his son found themselves facing such a complication, and early in the forenoon their pastor came driving down the prairie trail. He knew where the stable was and put his horse in. The father said, "I like that man, but I do not know how we will do for entertainment. Guess we

will have to leave that to mother." But the preacher solved the question by appearing in the field with a pair of harvest mitts. After exchanging familiar greetings, the preacher said, "Brother, do you need the services of an able-bodied man?" "Well, pastor, you see the situation. There are ten acres of sheaves all pleading to be set up. I feel mighty lonely against such an army. I prayed for the Lord to send someone, so if you feel that way I'll just put the boy on the binder, and you and I will go to it." And they did.

At noon hour he went in and dined and visited with the family—they talked over circuit work, connectional funds, and Wesley College—then out and at it again. At five o'clock he went to the stable and hitched up his horse, and in spite of invitations indoors and out to stay for tea, he went spinning down the prairie trail. The preacher's help had brought the father fairly close to the binder, and as the son came up with the four-horse team he said, "Dad, why didn't the preacher stay for supper? It must be near that time. I'm hungry now." "Oh, I guess he did not want to make work for your mother." "Say, Dad, that is the nicest

preacher I ever saw, and he is some stooker as well. And, Dad, you did well, too. You kept up to him most of the time." And there was music in his voice. The father caught on, but only said, "Oh, you go on with your cutting, or there won't be sheaves for me to stook." The father did not forget to tell the joke to his wife that night when the boy was absent. That preacher's name was Rev. J. W. Ridd, now of Griswold.

These practical touches of sympathetic helpfulness never lowered the dignity of the preacher, but it brought him into closer touch with everything that was real. It was not only in the harvest field that the early prairie preacher would shine, but it would be in putting laths on the wall of a room, or shingles on a roof, or helping to build a stable or granary, or stringing barb-wire on fence posts. His mission was to help to pull hard-pushed humans out of tight places in life. He came along with a shoulder that would go under anything, that would share a burden with someone who had already too much to bear.

Following such efforts on the part of ministers acting as co-helpers on homesteads, we

have in the very early days, heroic examples of homesteaders acting as temple builders. In a beautiful, undulating, wooded prairie section, where two elevators, a general store and school formed the nucleus of a town—the school-house was too small and the seats too cramped for adults. The product of a subscription list purchased the material. While it was yet dark, pioneer homesteaders had “fed up” and finished their chores, and by daybreak, the echo of hammers and saws was heard.

The brave little wife of the cabin parsonage, while caring for two little children, showed her splendid interest by serving hot dinners to the homesteaders, while her husband worked with them on the building. I know of no better or lasting loyalty shared by the whole community anywhere than was manifested in the erection and completion of that Thornhill Church. Rev. W. G. Wilson, now of Morden, was the preacher, and Mrs. Wilson made the biscuits and served the hot dinners to the homesteaders. And I may say, this is but the repeated experience of many pioneer preachers' wives.

The Rocky Mountains in themselves never fail to create an interest. You do not quite

know what it is, but when you are twenty or thirty miles away you always look in their direction. Just a succession of lofty peaks and large dark patches said to be forests of timber, and great white snow fields. The town was on the plain by the river. The Concord coach of four horses left us at a log hotel kept by an old timer whose local name was "Camoose." Entering the dining-room where forty people sat at dinner, there was not one look of welcome save from a middle-aged woman who waited on our table, whom we found to be a Methodist. Western towns never take kindly to "Sky Pilots," but once their friendship is won it never fails.

We rented rooms for two months and immediately began to build a parsonage. The townsite was on a gravel bed, so I laid out the foundation and hired one good man. We dug a cellar, leaving the walls as perpendicular as we could. We next built a wooden enclosure 10 x 12, one board at a time, and concreted between the board and the wall up to the top. We had critics galore. One said, "That will fall down." Another said, "Experiments are costly." But we stuck to the proportions of one of lime to

15 of sand and gravel and built the walls to the top. Two days later there was a hot sun and a chinook blowing. I took off all the boards and casings and had as fine a job of concrete as I had ever seen. We then laid the joists and concreted between them.

Within the two months we had the parsonage enclosed and the roof on, so we moved in. I had two carpenters, western men,—good fellows, barring a few western eccentricities,—by the name of Bill and Jack, and to make things go faster I was working with them.

On Saturday afternoon I knocked off to go to a town in the foothills to preach on Sunday. Driving along on my way up I saw acres of wild geese feeding on stubble lands. Arriving in town, under the pressure of high wind, they were flying in every direction and very low. The next day, Sunday, the same thing went on, and for a western town the men behaved splendidly. Not a shot was fired.

I was staying with a Mr. Hinton, who with his brother was partner in a hardware store. After service that evening, the younger brother, Joe, asked me if I would go to the feeding grounds a little east of the town the next

morning. I said "Surely!" The next morning at four o'clock we left the store with guns, cartridges, and clothes the color of the ground. We took positions in a furrow along a stubble field a hundred yards apart while it was still dark. Just at the peep of day we heard them coming, "honking" along from the direction of the Kootenay Lakes. They came directly to the field and alighted beside us, about three hundred strong, but a little out of range. We waited to admire them awhile before we took action. 'It is said the sportsman never reaches his climax in wing shooting until he meets the wild goose. We rushed them twice and got eight. Four apiece was all we wanted to carry to the store, and two, the product of moonlight shooting on Saturday night, also went into the bag, and at 8.30 I hiked for home with ten. Arriving a little after one I unloaded the geese with triumph, with Bill and Jack both present. While putting away my broncho I heard Bill say to my wife: "This husband of yours 'broke camp' on Saturday to go to the foothills to preach on Sunday, but by the look of this pile he has been doing work on the side." Anyway,

those ten geese were the first game to hang heads down in that new concrete basement.

Western people are slow to take on human credit. The transient insurance man going into a town does not do much business the first week. They want to wait and see. Every newcomer (tenderfoot) who goes among them goes on trial—the preacher among the rest. The stranger's character is his capital, and they want to know how much he is worth. Strange, that kind of capital counts for more with them than do pounds, shillings and pence. While you are on trial you do not feel that you are the victim of an ungenerous suspicion, but rest in assured confidence that those western men would rather have you succeed than otherwise, and in the end will hand you a verdict for all you are worth. Moral ethics to them is an unstudied science, and without the knowledge of a regular course of reasoning they seem to be guided by instinct to a conclusion that is fair, and with a generosity that you can trust.

All of a sudden the keepers of saloons, dance halls and billiard halls became cool with the preacher. I had been used to running in and leaving them bills advertising my Sunday ser-

vices, and I noticed the change. The N. W. M. P. inspector was in the billiard hall one day, and the proprietor spoke against the preacher. The inspector said, "Why denounce him?" "Why, we blame him for closing us on Sundays." "All a mistake, the preacher never spoke a word to me on the subject. While there were no church services you were allowed to run wide open. Then when the preacher came and introduced the services I took my own initiative, and without his knowledge closed all places of public amusement on Sunday." This frank deliverance of the inspector changed everything and reversed the feeling towards the preacher.

This billiard man had his place of business right beside the parsonage cabin, and we could hear the rattle of the billiards all hours of the day or night. I used to have a parishoner by the name of Billy Bone, a Cornishman, a convert of the renowned Billy Bray. My Billy could neither read nor write, but he knew a lot of Scripture which he quoted with great aptness, was gifted in prayer, and had a powerful distinct voice which could be easily heard across the street. He used to be at the cabin

parsonage for tea, and after the meal Billy would lead in prayer. I do not remember an instance when the games did not stand still, and not a single impact of a cue on a billiard ball would be heard until Billy said "Amen."

Cowboys and bull-team drivers had a notoriety for swearing, and they certainly had inventive genius because you would hear phrases which must have been original emphasized with adjectives which would not pass muster in any school for moral training, and yet I never heard one of them make an improper break when he knew a clergyman was close enough to hear him.

The year of the second Riel Rebellion, a great celebration was held on May 24th. We had stationed in the town a cowboy brigade of mounted men, about one hundred strong. The sports had gone off very successfully, and now under the cover of darkness the mounted riders, "primed and full" literally, took the town over. To many easterners it was their first experience of what a real wild and woolly western time was like. The riding, yelling and shooting were furious. As a result many women who could not conceive how such com-

motion could be either innocent fun or drunken debauch went into hysterics or nervous collapse, and numerous messages were sent to the officer commanding to "control the men."

I was close enough in the darkness to hear a spirited altercation taking place between the O.C. and the second in command. Both were educated Englishmen, and it might be said that neither was strictly sober. The request from the citizens had to be acted on, but he knew that no lieutenant could control a mob of wild mad men like that. The spirited dialogue was conducted strictly according to military rules. Neither officer forgot that he was a gentleman, or failed in the respectful regard he seemed to hold for the other. But for strength of expression, force of style, faultless English, and beauty of diction, it was the most striking and dignified war of words I had ever heard.

The western man could hardly be called a religious animal. Not that he lacked in strength, for both his experience and his environment tended to develop the strongest there was in human kind. The first thing we learn about religion is its great essential quality, and it follows naturally that the finest God

ever produces is when He puts His spirit into a strong human character. Here was a country, new, which in itself presented nature in all its rugged beauty. Everything on a gigantic scale—wide plains, rolling hills, lofty mountain peaks, rushing rivers, and the brightest and balmiest sun that ever lighted a landscape. Had not these conditions developed the finest buffalo and antelope that ever trod the plain and had not modern ranchmen already produced the finest of the cattle kind, “three-year-olds,” and “four-year-olds,” that had yet met the markets of the world? Then here is man walking the same earth, peering into the same blue sky, drinking in the same sunlight and breathing the same ozone. This ought to make him at least as good an animal as the others. Then with the added endowments of reason and intelligence, his moral manhood begins to assert itself. He is bound to think. No living man can look upon Nature’s perfect adornments as you see them there without wondering who created them. After all, it is only an instant’s step between Nature and Nature’s God. I have sometimes wondered if man, amid such environments, free from hereditary

tendencies and the temptation to sin, would not, of himself, wander back to Eden.

Under these conditions all that any man needs is conviction, conviction that he is a sinner, and that the blood of Jesus Christ is his only remedy. We had not members enough in that town to form a quarterly board, but the congregation was growing, and all signs pointed to a special effort. It was the old-fashioned kind. From the first night we seemed to have the very presence of the Lord, and soon the little log church was filled. A short penitent bench did duty at the front—then we extended it. Civilians and policemen came flocking to the Saviour. It was simply beautiful to behold. We found that the old spirit of Pentecost met all extreme western conditions and filled the soul of the seeking penitent with abiding peace and joy. For the first time in their lives men sought the profound comfort and consolation salvation brings to the soul. Drunkards became sober; libertines sought cleaner ways; gamblers quit the game, and spendthrifts began to save. A distinct change was felt in the whole community. Civilians in the town began to talk, and the police barracks

took a different attitude. I do not believe one ever comes nearer to Heaven, or is permitted to taste more sweetly its sublimest of earthly joys, as when witnessing sinners making the momentous decision that turns them to God and salvation and love. Such evenings I never spent before. The Great Master's presence was plainly manifest. One night, in a testimony meeting, we had representatives in the mounted police along from New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and from England, Ireland and Scotland, and the last one to speak was a young policeman born in British India. Then came Major Lake, second in command at the police barracks. He said: "I wish to testify too, not in the spirit of those you have heard, but in another spirit. I can testify to the demeanor and changed conduct in barrack life of the boys who attend these meetings. While I could wish I were a better man, I rejoice in the manifest good others have received." This testimony was given as from an outside man of the world.

Then the closing night came. We had arranged to hold the morning service in the little log church, and secured the Town Hall for the

evening. God was good to us too in sending Father Parr, an English local preacher, from Grace Church, Winnipeg. This mighty man of God was a commercial traveller, who carried so much of God's love in his soul as to show forth in his beaming face. He carried the Gospel harness all the time, and when he stayed in a place over Sunday he just hooked on the Gospel chariot beside the preacher and the elders of the congregation, and Zion's cause moved forward. Father Parr was powerful in prayer, and impressive, and convincing in testimony and exhortation. The old saint of God had the time of his life that day. The congregation completely filled the building, and the conscious presence of God was mightily felt. All this was a decided novelty in that new western town. The quarterly board was then formed, and when we got our new church I used to see red-coated North West Mounted Policemen taking up the offering with their side-arms on. They may not have been loaded, but the guns were there.

CHAPTER VI

CHRISTMAS CHEER WHEN WILD FOWL WERE PLentiful

THE salary was never large in the west at that time, but we never allowed ourselves to want. We cut the garment according to the cloth there was. If a crisis threatened, it generally resulted in the deferred payment of little bills. But I have several distinct recollections of how bolts dropped from the blue just in the nick of time. This year Christmas was within two days—the little bills unpaid, not large, a sum well up in the teens would have met everything, and it did look as if there would not be any intense celebration at the parsonage that Christmas. I came in from the post the middle of the forenoon and laid the mail on the kitchen table. I picked up a letter bearing an Oshawa or Bowmanville postmark, my wife standing and reading it with me. It was from Minnie Sanderson, and ran

something like this: "A band of thirty young girls wanted to do something to brighten some faraway home at this Christmas time. We consulted with our pastor, and he said to send it to you, and gave us your address. Find enclosed post office order for \$30.00. We all wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Without a word being said, we just slid down on our knees. We had one little rosebud of a boy in our home then. He noticed the prayer meeting "gathering" and came and knelt beside his mother. The Lord was the only one present, who knew who Minnie Sanderson was, so we were satisfied to accept the credentials. We asked the Lord to bless Minnie Sanderson and her pastor, whom she consulted, and the twenty-nine other fair ones with silver-tipped wings, who made up the tribe of thirty. Then we thanked the Lord for the nice quiet way He had brought this about, and for the number he had gathered into the game, to make up the full message of this Christmas joy.

We had enough to break through the first line of defence and take all our financial enemies into camp, and then some. The next day a turkey came to the parsonage, and we in-

vited all the "single" married men whose wives were eating lonely Christmas dinners down east, and all the single men of our congregation who had never been married, and otherwise would eat at the hotel. Well, we feasted and visited and sang Christmas songs, and told Christmas stories, and thanked the Lord for all He had done, and pledged Him our united support to still greater achievements for the coming year, the joyous time lasting far into the night. Though more than thirty-two years have elapsed since then, the intense delightful satisfaction of that Christmas experience has not even begun to fade from the memory.

Another Christmas I have good cause to remember came to be chronicled a few years later. The Christmas spirit was in the air. Two little tots at the parsonage were seeing visions, just at an age when Santa Claus, as a reality, bulked big in their thought as the most recently discovered creation. I told my wife I would surely be home and act as assistant Santa Claus, and we would fill everything "full." I had only five miles to go. The road was good and the night clear. For company I had asked the fourteen-year-old son of a grain

merchant to accompany me, assuring his mother we would be back that night. We started early so as to cover part of the distance by daylight. A mile from town it began to snow and blow. Twenty minutes later it was a blinding blizzard. I still felt safe because I knew I was on the trail. We tucked the robes well around us, for we only had three miles yet to go, when we found ourselves bumping over the prairie. The beast I was driving belonged to a farmer, and her stable home was a mile and a half in the direction I thought she was going. I knew the beast was there because I could feel her on the lines, but I could not see her. How, when one gets in a tight place, he thinks only of his responsibilities! This boy I had with me was a husky lad and a veritable kicker of the football field, but all that was no good in winning the game we were playing that night. I have had horses, which, if I got lost in a storm, just give them the rein and they would take me as true as a carrier pigeon. But this was not that kind. One of the most trying predicaments one is ever placed in is to be out in the dark in a high-class blizzard, off the trail, with a horse you cannot trust. And that is

where we were that Christmas eve. All of a sudden we came to a lone stable on the prairie, and would have passed it, if it had not been for the light of a lantern, ten feet away. The man with the lantern came up and said, "Where are you fellows going?" We said, "To Mountain City." He said, "That's east, you are going west. We are just hitching the team to the double-sleigh to go there. Blanket your horse and put it in and come with us," an invitation we were glad to accept. A straight road, one mile, with the blizzard on our back, and we were there. It's a church, with a crowd of happy children, and their parents and friends, a big Christmas tree loaded down with everything, and the Christmas spirit everywhere!

The children furnished the entertainment, and it was good. Some pieces were old, but good old things in new hands and new clothes sometimes take on new life. Then Santa Claus disburdened the tree of its wealth, and children and everybody received presents. All this time old King Boreas was holding high carnival without.

We next appointed a body of three men, all

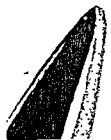
over seventy, to go out and interview the weather and report. Their finding was, that if we all went most of us would reach home, but for fear some might be lost, their advice was for all to stay. We accepted the verdict. In the corner was a big box of dry oak wood. In the centre of the church was a large box stove, which was red hot then. We played games and told stories and gave all our old recitations, and ate nuts and candies to pass the time. Standing at the door, the three old men came to me and one said, "You seem to be having a good time, Mr. Bridgman." I said, "We will have to make the best of it." Another said, "I would walk farther and give more for a smoke now than at any time in all my life." Another said, "I am that way too." I said, "Under the circumstances, I do not think the ladies would object." But they would not smoke in the church. Then I proposed that they fill their pipes, put on our overcoats, give me some matches, and all take hold of hands. We could find a lee to the building somewhere." At the south end of the building it was quiet, and I struck a match and got them all going good. In a little while they all came in covered with

snow, and boasting of what a great smoke they had all enjoyed.

Then another thing happened. After that outdoor smoke two of the old men sat there talking, something they had not done for years. An old "line fence" trouble had kept them apart. One was an Englishman, the other a Scotchman, both splendid men, but they had allowed an imaginary grievance to destroy their friendship. The Englishman said, "When I got hold of your hand, as the blizzard drove us down alongside the church, I felt condemned, and when the minister first lighted your pipe and then lighted mine I knew I alone was in the wrong." At that same time the Scotchman said, "My better self tells me that I am guilty of everything." "No, you're not." "Yes, I am," and they nearly had another row, each trying to fix all the fault upon himself. But they compromised, and there in the wee hours of that Christmas morn the beautiful dove of peace settled down upon two dear old souls. It is believed by some that Providence carries a divine purpose into everything. But I never knew until I heard that story why the Lord had allowed that blizzard to hold us in

the church all night. And wasn't it well worth while? A little after seven old Sol began to streak the eastern horizon, and we all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," wished one another "Merry Chirstmas," and into our sleighs for home. When my boy friend, Orval C., and I, came to the tall elevators and crossed the track into the town a little after eight o'clock that Christmas morning, there were two families who really seemed to appreciate our coming.

Going on the Manitoba and South Western from Winnipeg you pass on the left two ranges of mountains the Pembina Mountains at Morden and the Turtle Mountains at Deloraine. The physical formations of these mountains are the same as all other mountains in Manitoba. Ascending a long, gradual incline and coming to the top, you meet open lakes, forests of timber, muskeg, swamp and haylands. Below these mountains are extended stretches of prairie of the richest alluvial soil. Years ago in the early eighties these homesteads were all taken by British and Canadian homesteaders, and through grain-growing and stock-raising the finest possible results have accrued to both the country and the settlers.



In the vicinity of Deloraine lay Whitewater Lake, just at the base of the Turtle Mountains. When full, it was twelve miles long, four or five miles wide, and from two to four feet deep, and surrounded by high reeds and pasture and haylands. It was just a rendezvous for all kinds of wild water fowl. I would not risk my reputation to estimate the number of wild geese and ducks I have seen seek refuge in that lake in the evening, or leave it in the early morning. These geese are all bred in the far north. As soon as they are sufficiently fledged for the fight they come to the southern grain fields and select a body of water in which to stay at night, and from which the daily flights to the feeding grounds are regular. They are always tender and thin when they first come, but ten days on the wheat fields puts them in good condition, when they will dress from eight to fourteen pounds each.

The wild goose is a very pretty and graceful bird, and for fine eating is the first choice of all wild or domestic waterfowl. One evening, in the month of September, I drove in to a farmhouse about five in the evening, just to "call." The farmer said, "Tie your horse and

have a drink of tea." I said, "No, not when the women have threshers." Then he said, "The threshers have had supper and are away, and the women want you to come in and drink tea with them." That made the difference. New places alongside of a long table, and here were wild geese and dressing and gravy. I had so far witnessed some new things in the west, but certainly had never seen threshers entertained on such dainty diet before. The story was this: The wild geese from the lake, which was in sight, had invaded the outstanding wheat stooks in great numbers, and the farmer's sons, with much practice, had got so that anything that came within a certain distance of the muzzle of their guns was a "gone" goose, so when they gathered up the spoil they had the delicious outlay of two days' dinners for threshers. This farmer's name was Sandy Kirkwood, a Scotch Methodist. He and his twin brother Andrew were born in Edinburgh, and they both carried, in a large degree, the strong steady traits of their nationality. Sandy used to drive with me to district meetings, and was the best of company. I just saw him out of sorts once, and then he bore himself with.

great moderation. This was on a bright Sunday morning in autumn. We were holding service in Bedford school, and a heathen sportsman from the city had taken a position about three hundred yards away. Sandy sat by the open window, and every time the sharp report of his gun was heard I could see Sandy wince. Here was an inexcusable violation of a Scotchman's notion of the sanctity of the Sabbath. When service was over Sandy said in an injured tone: "I do not mind men coming from the city to shoot geese on week days, for there are enough for all, but I do think we should be left alone quietly to worship God without disturbances on Sunday."

Andrew Kirkwood, his brother, was the class leader at this appointment, and was also a man of sterling worth, whose sincere genuine goodness marked him as a man whose gentle influence was felt by old and young. These two good men, and their excellent wives, seemed to set in motion a quiet influence that gave tone to the entire settlement.

Another quiet good man that I think of was George Helem, handicapped by rheumatism, yet when work was to be done, in action and

effort always the first. Building the one hundred foot stable on the new church site, or prying out stone at Whitewater Lake, or blasting boulders for the new church basement, he was a man whom it was a joy to work with. While his excellent wife, bright and active in all church work, was president of the ladies' aid, when they gave fowl dinners to make up the \$1,000.00 to pay for the pews in the new church.


I have only mentioned a few names of the many most excellent people whom it was a positive privilege to work with. If in the early days pioneer preachers did good work, it was largely because of the moral force and fibre of the first settlers. They were men and women who had moral convictions and lived them, not extremists or faddists, but just common, sensible, strong, Christian people. You get a foundation like that and it forces evil out and keeps it there. I mentioned the temptation to break the Sabbath, presented to the early settlers, and that bore hard on the lover of the gun.

It was a bright Sunday morning in October. Driving north from the town I saw long flights

of wild geese passing to their feeding grounds. In a sloping stubble field to my right were mallard and canvasback ducks, sandhill cranes (the finest of the turkey class), Canada grey (honkers), and mottle-breasted geese. They were close enough for me to see, for they all stood "at attention," and as long as I did not stop my team they were not suspicious. The field was covered with them. Here was a page of God's open book, a picture of His living art. I was in a meditative mood, and did not think I was breaking "His" day in admiring the beautiful birds He had made. Even if it had been Monday morning and I had my faithful gun, I think I would have waited and admired awhile before picking out the biggest goose or turkey. What would the editor of "Rod and Gun" have given for a snapshot of that field? He would have prized it as his finest art portrait of nature's best, and given it a proud place in his splendid magazine. Well, I just drove on and left the picture there, and rid of me, I think they went on with their breakfast.

That afternoon I was at Wapaha school, and during the hour of service we seemed fair under the flight, and they flew so low that at times


the screaming and coarse "honks" of the big Canadas proved distracting to the congregation. After that service I had a drive of thirteen miles to the evening appointment, and part of the way the trail ran through unbroken and unsettled prairie, so I called at the last farmhouse to get better directions. On my left was a stubble field black with Canada grey geese, right down close to the buildings, and still flights were coming from the lake. Over the house and the buildings the air echoed with their honks. The homesteader and his wife were not at home. The hired man, a bright young Englishman, was the housekeeper. I noticed a good-looking English gun upon the hooks. After he had given me perfect directions, I said to him, "Aren't these geese a temptation to you?" "Sir," he said, "By jove, it's all I can do to keep my hands off that gun to-day." There it was. The young man knew that the sentiment of the house and of the settlement was against Sunday shooting, and what he stood out against every homesteader in the settlement elected to do, and they all had guns, and most of them were good shots. This sentiment was established by the excellent morale of British and Canadian homesteaders.



The preacher had a gun, but as a shot I was not very dependable, missed all my best opportunities, that is, I missed what a good shot would have made the most of. My hunting mate would tap at my window at four o'clock in the morning; we would be hitched up and in the field at five; decoys set and "hides" made in twenty minutes. It was nice to see them come. One fall I blundered in fifty that I shot myself, and the parsonage table was adorned with a new wild goose every other day during the month of October. The extreme popularity, and the sweet edible qualities of this bird in all districts favored as its feeding grounds, suggested a wild goose dinner on one of my circuits. The suggestion may have been made by myself.

The men of the congregation were to furnish the birds, and the ladies to prepare and serve them. Nothing but wild geese were to have a place on the bill of fare. Five men of the congregation, including the preacher, double team, heavy spring wagon, tent, guns, and rations for two days, and we hiked for the lake. All conditions favored us, and we returned with 105 geese. The first "goose dinner" was a great

success, and it had to be made an annual affair. This was the way the great annual event worked out. First, it took fifty good birds, which were distributed to ladies of the congregation who were willing to pluck them for the feathers, after which the fowl were drawn and put in salt and water. The day before the dinner twenty-five ladies of the congregation met in one place, all high-grade culinary artists, graduates in domestic science from the "home university," whose mothers were their instructors, and all the best of workers. I saw loaves of bread brought there by the dozen, sliced, crusts eliminated, ground fine and seasoned, with all the care of a wedding or Christmas preparation. This finished article was left in clean receptacles, and the morning of the dinner the fifty geese were dressed, placed two, three and four in a pan, and handed over to the town baker, who in the late afternoon cooked them for two hours slowly in his bake oven. Taking them out of the oven we used to pour off quarts of liquid fat on the ground, as gravy could not be served at the tables. For tenderness and flavor epicureans declared they never found anything finer than those young



wild geese. The largest public hall in the town was secured, and people used to drive ten and twelve miles to enjoy those dinners. There was not time for selling tickets, just a nominal admission at the door, and the last one that was held the door-keeper paid over to the ladies the night's proceeds of \$251.00. The Souris citizens and country people talk to this day of those popular wild goose dinners.

CHAPTER VII

ROUGHING IT ON THE HOMESTEAD

IN 1881 Emerson was known as the gateway city. Settlers came that far by train, bringing their effects through in bond, then transferred them to wagons and away to their homesteads. A common sight was to see a man seated on a load of lumber, with the wagon box on top, a trunk, a box of bedding, and a cook-stove, crossing the bridge over the Red River, and hiking westward. Following the load is a woman walking, with a babe on her left arm, her right hand leading a little child, and a larger child taking hold of the little one's other hand. They will follow along this way until they get well out of town, when the team will stop and woman and children will take their places on the load. As they ride along their only view is a dead level broad expanse of prairie that meets the horizon on every side. Do not let anyone think there is anybody here

"downhearted." That is a brave man who sits there driving that team. That's a braver woman at his side with that babe in her lap and those children at her feet. That load they are riding on only represents a small beginning, but they are buoyed up with visions of a western home, wide fields of cultivated lands, barns and granaries, flocks and herds, and a mutual confidence that makes them strong.

While the sun still shines, they will drive into some homesteader's yard, where they will get water for their team, brew the tea, cook the bacon, and eat their evening meal. For a sleeping place the wagon box comes off the top, and pushes under the wagon, a sort of prairie pullman sleeper. There the blankets are opened, and right there the family sleeps soundly through the night.

Arrived at the homestead, the settler with his axe, saw, hammer and square, and his lumber ordered by dimension, was not long in erecting a summer cabin on his homestead. Then at the rear he placed a covering of a few boards to protect his team from sun and rain until he could build his sod stable.

Then taking his spade, he goes prospecting

for a water supply until he can dig a well; and usually he finds it in a hole a few feet deep.

When that sod stable comes to be erected the good wife will plead for a corner with a window to keep a bunch of hens, then will come a stall for the cow. Soon that busy housewife is running a department all her own. Before long they discover the income from the two industries is more than meeting the expenses of the household.

I know that this is a clumsy and inadequate description of the way brave men and women have made their initial bow to this country, but in the main it is true. Without an exception the tendency is to lionize the men. They are always credited with growing the big crops and performing all the work accumulating all the wealth. The records are silent as to who coaxed him out of the "dumps" when the blight came, or who persuaded him to "carry on" when he was determined to call an auction sale and sell everything off. And when his fifth crop was frozen white, who was it that jumped into the breach with two hundred hens and saved the farm from being sold. I know that lots of men came to this country before their

wives did, but they never had homes till the women came. Lots of splendid young men have started on farms alone, and some of them have made money, but they never saved any until they got a wife. Three things men won't take time to do—sweep the floor, cook meals and wash dishes. I drove up to a farmhouse one afternoon, and the lady had her pony hitched. I said, "Mrs. S., don't let me detain you if you are going anywhere." "Oh," she said, "it is not important. I was just going down to dig Billy out." Billy was her son, and a good boy he was, but he could not keep house. About every two weeks he got "up to the neck" and stayed that way until his mother came to the rescue. He had a good crop one year, and was plowing one afternoon with a wallet of \$300.00 in his hip pocket and dropped it in the furrow, and it was plowed under. If he had only had a wife she would either have had that money spent or would have had it in the bank. In any case, Billy was the loser.

"The intense dreariness of the west in the winter time," is the remark of everybody the first year. Except in places, we cannot boast of the balsam or other evergreens only as we

transplant, and what trees we have are bare and frozen to the core, so we don't stop to explain or apologize; we just join with the newcomer's opinion, that for dreariness and woe-begoneness we have a country at least equal to the worst. Yet I have found that all drawbacks have their compensations. People seemed to know that the prospect outside was not very good, so they made the inside cheery and bright. When it was forty degrees below zero outside you generally found a red hot stove within. The settlers lived from half a mile to two miles apart, which was a drawback, but on Sunday they all crowded into the school-house for services.

I think of a settlement in central Manitoba where lived a most saintly woman, Mrs. Muir, a mother to her own family and everybody else—her name is still “as ointment poured forth.” One beautiful spirit like that will give tone and character to a whole settlement. Here was a neighborhood of people whose energy, enterprise and sociability would take them anywhere. There was not a single element of good about society that these ladies did not know. They were bent on making the beauty and

splendor and charm on the inside of home or life in distinct contrast to the chill and blight and zero without.

Often this took on a social aspect in which all could participate. The function would be held in the schoolhouse. You would never judge of its capacity until you would see one filled. They seated everybody they could, then they stood them wherever there was room for one to stand. The ladies did the cooking, and there was none better. Tea and coffee, hot, on the stove, and real cream from the cow. The entertainment was all by home talent. The audience was a crowd of practical people. At times a story would be told to establish a fact. This time it was one of J. B. Gough's. The plot was laid in the Southern States. The heroine was the head of the house. She had gone out that evening to attend a "Women's Rights Meeting." Now was her husband's opportunity. He got four or five of his male friends in there and told them to "hang up their hats and coats, and promptly gave them the 'freedom of the house.'" He told them he thought the man was the proper head of the domestic domain, and that the woman ought always to take sec-

ond place and keep it. "You may have heard the rumor that my wife ruled this domicile, but gentlemen, it's all a mistake. If I read the ancient authors rightly, Caesar was the head of his house, and while I live I shall be Julius Caesar here." Just then the latch lifted quietly, and "her majesty" stepped in. Not a person spoke. That man who is shaking like an aspen leaf is the one who played the role of Julius Caesar a moment ago. The woman was the first to speak. "What are you men doing here?" Still no one spoke. "Now men," she said, "get your hats and coats and away home," and they went. To her husband she said, "Julius Caesar, you go upstairs," and he went. Of course I told the audience it was likely the story had no foundation in fact, that no woman would treat a man like that, and that Gough had probably framed the story just for effect.

A few weeks later I had tea in the hospitable home of a farmer whose wife and sister made up the family circle. The host quietly said to me, while his wife and sister smiled, "I think it is mighty dangerous to tell a story in a mixed audience like you told at the entertainment the other night. It nearly created serious dis-

turbance in this, usually quiet home. I returned from town a few evenings ago and enjoyed a beautiful supper. After the meal I got feeling good, and standing up I swung my arms twice above my head; and declared, 'I am the Julius Caesar of this house.' Then my wife stood up. You know how tall she is and how dark her eyes are, and how dramatic she can be at times. She pointed with her finger upward and said, 'Julius Caesar, you go upstairs,' but Julius did not go."

The women looked at each other and I knew there was trouble ahead. "You said you did not think the story was true. I believe every word of it. I discovered this—that women do not fight according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. When they go to it, any old way is good enough for them."

Then he said, "Pastor, if you will never tell that story again I will agree never again to boast of my Julius Cesarian pedigree until I assure myself that there is something like equality between the contending parties. No more 'two to one' fights for me."

There was also among women a common tendency to reduce verbal teaching to practice.

In fact the western people are nothing if they are not practical. All that they find in theory they begin to figure at its present worth in practical application.

Here is a story of a man whose domestic life had become intolerable and he went to the magistrate of the town for advice. The good man heard the story, then said to the malcontent, "My conviction is that you are to blame for everything. Your wife is a woman of intelligence and spirit. You should let her know that she is appreciated, and always call her by such endearing names as 'Honey,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Deary,' and 'Darling,'" etc. He went away and nothing was heard from the "storm centre" for a week, when the male representative again appeared at the magistrate's office. The chief officer said, "Well, how are things going at home now?" "Worse than ever." "Did you do as I told you?" "Yes, I called her honey as near as I could without saying it." "What did you say?" "I called her an old beeswax." "Well," said the magistrate, "you did well to get out of the house without getting your head broken with the rolling-pin." The chairman who told this anecdote at a

church meeting was a preacher whose matrimonial life up to that time had never experienced a storm, nor even a ripple.

A few nights after this preacher and his wife were going out for the evening when he slipped to the hallway and yelled, "Old Beeswax, are you ready?" In wounded accents and with much tenderness and feeling, the lady said that in seventeen years of wedded life that was the first irreverent or disrespectful remark her husband had ever addressed to her.

Does it not seem passing strange that the very word and method that was supposed to terminate domestic hostilities in one home should be the means of introducing them in another?

Very often a romance starts on its own accord, without any provocation. A young man meets a little girl at a party in a western Ontario city, and he never forgets that look, and she had an impression of him that never left her. She attends "Girls' School," and graduates, and qualifies for her life work. His love of adventure carries him far into Western Canada to where the Rockies loom high in the air, and where the buffalo and antelope range. He

is a mounted rider, wears a uniform, a paid servant of the Queen, issues summons, and regulates outlaws. His four years of police activities give him the first choice of all the ranges. He locates in the foothills, builds a pine log cabin, along a mountain stream, where speckled trout sport in the clear running water. Then he hikes back home to that same western city and hunts up that same young girl, whose negative had never faded from his mind. And strange as it may seem, she was all the time expecting him. The climax came and they drew double in the lottery of life.

What a gigantic contrast that young girl saw between the splendid oak finish of her father's mansion and the hewed doorsteps of that rancher's cabin. It is interesting to note how easy the step from luxury and convenience down to just what you can get along with, as long as love is there to take it.

Is it not beautiful that God has ordained nature and conditions to hold such stupendous wealth of compensation? Love can just do anything. Its creating power of transformation is phenomenal. That black knot in that hewed pine log looks like a lump of ebony;

common glass beads like cut diamonds. The logs that formed the cabin walls were rough hewn, but weren't they new and clean? The furniture was largely home-made, but hadn't her husband made it? Then such sunlight, and scenery, and cloudless skies, and pure air, and rolling landscapes, and wide pasture lands, and beautiful horses! Then nature played such wonderful antics, yet never deviated from her own laws.

She stands in the cabin door. Old Sol, hiding behind the corner of the earth, throws his sunlit shaft to the peak of that lofty mountain, then drops it to that perpetual snowfield, then as he rises, falls half way down the mountain side, then to the base, and finally, the refractory shaft falls into the bright waters of the mountain stream and throws a dazzling reflection into her fair young face. So far, nothing but charm, peacefulness and contentment rule her life. She has sailed all seas and run all rapids without a mishap. Further, she has abundantly confirmed the fact that love faithfully makes full compensation for all forfeitures. Unconsciously, this, too, has helped to give her a trust beyond herself and furnished

her with a leverage to quietly face whatever the future has to unfold.

Two spirited bronchos pulled a dead X wagon. Aloft on a spring seat this eastern bride and her husband went to spend a few days in a western town. This woman was aware that her husband was popular, that he had a faculty for making friends. The whole country was settled with these ex-riders of the plains, and everyone wanted to compliment their former comrade on his good fortune. Four per cent. beer was the only legal lubricator then, though the drug store was supposed to implement what was lacking in low percentage. The custom of the west was not unlike other parts. A cigar was no good. Every man he met had to drink, and low percentage and all it began to tell. The middle of the second day the collapse came.

One comrade went up and entertained his wife in the parlor—two others took him up and put him to bed. When she found her husband he was sleeping. A woman is quick to think and quick to act. The situation was clear. She sent for the druggist to supply what was needed to sober up quickly. No fuss, no foolishness

or tears. She stood sentry at the door. To comrades calling she said kindly: "Husband indisposed; can't be seen."

On the morning of the third day the bronchos were driven up to the hotel. Wife and husband took their places on the seat, and the husband held the reins. Driving towards their mountain home no word was spoken. Then he said, "Why don't you abuse me? I would feel better. It breaks my heart to see you so patient and kind." Still she did not speak. "Why don't you take the butt of this quirt and kill me dead?" She said quietly, "I wouldn't kill the only man I have ever loved." The next remark was: "I'm no good; I've disgraced you; I deserve to be killed and buried." "Oh," she said, "You're worth a whole graveyard yet." And with a smile she continued, "When I get you home I'll brew you a bowl of soup that will beat anything your mother ever made."

There was this strong, intrepid rider of the plains who had run in hordes of whiskey-smugglers, rounded up gangs of outlaws, and beat into subjection hostile bands of Indian warriors, broken subdued, even to confession, all by one queenly little woman who wielded in

her gentle hand God's unfailing weapon of love and kindness. There is that that kills and yet makes alive.

The men who loved booze in that day never had a fair chance. For want of something better they drank a decoction of vile stuff that was never analyzed until it killed somebody, and that was all too often. His head was splitting and his eyes and face inflamed. He never thought of anything but "grin and bear it." She asked him to stop the bronchos; next, she folded a robe two-ply and laid it down and rolled a shawl for a pillow, and placed it where the high wagon seat would shade his head from the sun. Then she said, "Let me drive the bronchos, and you lie down and rest awhile." This he gladly consented to do. As she took those lines the bronchos seemed to catch the spirit of the new driver. Before her rose the charm of the mountain scenery, behind the experience of the past three days. If she had met every situation with courage it was because of a hidden force one could not mistake. She still believed she had the best husband in the world, with just one weakness, and her faith assured her that there was latent manhood in him to overcome that. So with a spirit of courage and

faith undaunted, and with a vision of hopefulness for the future, she headed the bronchos towards their mountain home.

On a C.P.R. westbound train, in the early eighties, one evening in a Pullman sleeper a company of passengers were discussing the question of training children. The nineteenth century was then approaching its ebbing hours. The company was made up entirely of gentlemen. All were intensely interested in the subject, and all were booked for berths, upper or lower, for the night. One man allowed that it did not matter so much the size of the family as it did the way the children were trained. Another admitted the complexity of the problem, and thought that the difference in temperament of the heads of the house might account for many of the failures. If one or the other would just drop out and leave all the family training to the other it might be well, providing they could agree on which of them had the more common sense. The third expressed his surprise that the Lord ever trusted some parents with children at all. They seemed to imagine, from the time the children are born into the world, that they were such completely

rounded out types of infantile perfection that all they had to do was to grow and develop without any training. Then, afterwards they had to be informed by their neighbors that they were the head of a brood of angelic forgeries, the time of whose redemption was long past due.

The company broke up without deciding anything, and were about the last to take to their berths. That night every section was taken, curtains down, lights out, and while upper and lower sleepers were just dozing off there came a shrill call from an upper berth, "Pa, I want a cake." The call needed not to have been so loud, for the child's father was with him in the upper berth; the mother and two children in the lower. The patient father climbed out in the dark, got down where the edibles were kept, and quietly climbed back. All was quiet for a time. Then came this request, "Pa, I want a drink." Quietly the father answered the second call, climbed down, travelled the whole length of the car to the water tank, brought a glass of water, returned the glass, then climbed back to his berth. No person was asleep, and everybody thought, "Now

we can surely rest." But the next was, "Pa, I want another cake." Well, everybody in the sleeper was just boiling, but a commercial traveller in the adjoining upper was the first to bubble over, and in a clear voice thus delivered himself,—“You darned little cuss! If I were your father do you know what I would do? I would wring your little neck. That’s what I would do.” Of course everybody heard the last speech and everybody agreed with it, and for fear something else might transpire to keep the interest up a minute and a half passed in deep silence. Then the climax came. “Pa, who is that man?” Well, for one spontaneous outburst of laughter I never saw that occasion equalled. Everybody was in it because everybody was awake and all had distinctly heard every word.

This was no rehearsal, because these parties never met before. This was an “Act,” and for perfect setting, expression, naturalness, declamation, pause, and effectiveness, I have never known the dramatic effort equalled. It was natural, artful, and educative.

While in this country Rev. Richard Whiting was a most careful student of local conditions

and community problems. It is known that Mr. Whiting is a Canadian by birth, of English parentage. One Sunday, at his crowded morning service in his Winnipeg church, he told of walking with a friend in an Ontario city, who was a Member of Parliament. The friend said, "Did you observe the strictures that have been made by a recent Governor-General of Canada regarding the lack of respect and reverence on the part of Canadian children as compared with the children of British parents?"

Mr. Whiting did not make a reply, but mentioned that when he was in Old London, England, on a visit, he found that he required directions and approached a well-dressed young gentleman who wore a high hat, and inquired if there was an opening up this street so he could gain access to a centre where he wanted to go. The young fellow saw that he was being addressed by a clergyman and politely removed his hat and said, "Sir, I am sorry I cannot give you the information. I, too, am a stranger in London and do not know one street from another."

Taking his tone of voice and gesture Mr. Whiting said he put the act down as the most

polite thing he had ever seen in any land.

"All the same," his friend replied, "I don't think it is just the thing for Englishmen, no matter what their rank, to come over here and tell us how to bring up our children. I do not think Canadian boys do too badly."

Just then two boys came running up behind them and parting to pass, one on each side, came together some distance in front. Shortly one of the boys came back and met them, and this is what he said: "I say, have either of you two guys a match?" Needless to say this gentle interrogation closed the conversation on that subject.


Of course it only is with a section or class of people that this is a debatable subject. Those of us who have witnessed and welcomed English, Irish and Scotch families to this country have been able to see the modesty and child culture of Old Country people.

I once was walking on a Sunday afternoon in 1883 along the banks of a river in Alberta with an English hardware merchant. He took from his pocket a tintype photo of an English lady and four children. He said with pride, "That's the little crowd I work for." In a few

weeks they all came, bright and fresh from the Old Land. Playing on the street or in the home yard, when contention for preference or place would occur, I have heard that mother say, "Ladies first, ladies first." I found there was a care in manners and child culture not dominant in average Canadian families.

And I noticed this also. One day the merchant, his wife, and I were alone in the store. The conversation drifted to the tendency of Britons to tumble to colonial ways. It was remarked that "western ways were freer," "conventionalities were cropped off and flung away." His wife said, "I see you doing things you never did in England. I never saw you serve a customer with your hat on there, or behind the counter with a pipe in your mouth." Without removing the pipe he smiled corroboration of her statement.

But while the Britisher will drop his own and take on colonial ways, he seems to possess an instinct, inherent in the race, to teach his offspring reverence, respect, modesty, unselfishness, and every other accompaniment that goes to give innocent childhood a charm. There is absolutely nothing so perfectly seemly as the



beginning of those polite ways in the budding beauty of the little child, and I do not know of any country where it is more distinctly emphasized than in old Britain across the sea.

The inculcation of these early principles of reverence and politeness seems never to be neglected or forgotten. They are instilled in the little child by the parents, and encouraged and responded to by men and women of all ranks and ages.

The two-year-old tot, dressed in the very latest, spick and trim, meets the English squire and makes her courtesy. That adept in polite science would break his neck before he could fail to lift his hat and respond to such a complimentary salute.

As a Canadian, I want to believe that individuals and society will have to look to John Bull and his wife for the best there is in politeness and etiquette, the same as the nations of the earth look to Great Britain to discover what is regular in commercial and national honor.

Of course, there is that selfish spirit which takes on the element of "don't care," and runs a boy low enough to make him "act like he feels," which he does not seem to have spirit

enough to resent or curb, which goes to pull down the average of what is polite and commendable in Canadian youth. And I have sometimes wondered if that good and great man, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, travelling in and out among the colonies, did not notice this, and in order to perpetuate for all time that British element of reverence, politeness and good breeding, instituted in Great Britain and the colonies that magnificent and commendable organization, the Boy Scouts, an institution to which every Canadian boy should be attached.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME MANITOBA WORTHIES

EARLY Methodism in old Ontario had a fashion of holding camp meetings in the forest. A popular one was in my father's bush, under the mountain in Nelson Township. Strangers from a distance used to attend those meetings. As a mere boy I was always impressed with a dark-complexioned, serious-minded man, who seemed to attend every year. When he spoke he talked of God, and when he prayed he talked to Him. He was powerful in both, and seemed to bring the Divine Presence very near. Though serious, he was a bright Christian, and when he laughed his eyes brightened and the smile played all over his face. Of Irish descent, he was genial and companionable. He came to Manitoba in the early eighties and took a homestead in a beautiful section of country north and west of Oak Lake town, where he lived alone in his

little cabin. He was quite an old man now, but the same religious principles governed his life, and in the community he was a father and a leader. When they secured a missionary they held services in the schoolhouse, where this good man was always an enthusiastic worshipper.

One Sunday he was absent, and the service to everybody seemed to be lacking in something. One of the young men said he would go down and see if he were ill. He came to the cabin and found it empty. He then walked down to the sod stable and there met the dear old man coming home with the oxen, the gun on his shoulder, and carrying three mallard ducks in the other hand. They exchanged greetings, and the saintly old man said, "I've had a great day. You know it was cool with a steady breeze and the oxen stood the work well, and I got such a fine lot of 'back-setting' done. The Lord was right with me up and down every furrow of the field. I saw these ducks in the slough all morning, and at noon took down my gun and got these three in one shot. I will prepare them to-night and have the preacher down for dinner to-morrow evening, after service."

By this time the oxen were unhooked and they had entered the cabin, where he stood the gun in the corner and laid the ducks down beside it.

Painful as it was it had to be done; so the young man said, "Mr. Higginbotham, do you know what day this is?" "Why sure, it's Saturday." "No," said the boy, "It is Sunday. They were all at church and the preacher preached, and when you were not there I was afraid you were ill, so I came down to see." "Oh!" he said, "I see it all now; I forgot to count the day it rained."

He looked at the gun and at the ducks—he knew that he could not call back that shot, or put back life into the birds, or turn back that day's plowing he was so proud of a moment before. Then he sank into a chair and said, "What have I done?" The young man was a member of his Bible class and knew he was in the presence of one of God's very elect, and felt he ought to say one word of comfort to this dear old saint, and this is all he could get out: "Well, teacher, if the Lord God Almighty is the tender, loving, sympathetic Master you have always taught us He is, I do not think He

will score you very hard for what you have done to-day."

I do not know what became of the ducks, but the next day the oxen were not hitched and the back-setting had to wait, but a well-thumbed and well-marked Bible was made that day to score double time. Early on Tuesday morning, Buck and Bright attached to the plow and God's old Gideon between the handles, and black Manitoba turf turning over for next year's crop, and right across old Gideon's face was written in letters anyone could read, "God forgives all mistakes."

Imagine the force a life like that would be in any neighborhood. Holding special services there, how the pastor banks on a life like that, and what a lever it becomes to lift other lives into higher places.

And God seems to have placed one or more such men in every community. Men of vision, men who seek the truth, who live it, and have the talent to unfold its living, mystic, mighty power to others who are seeking it. There is something mysterious in the hidden dynamic force the life of one good man may exert. It is an influence I cannot altogether account for.

It seems like the ozone of the atmosphere that the opening bud and spring flower and grass blade all drink in. It moves me like the big balance wheel of the dynamo, which furnishes momentum and steadiness to the whole plant.

A dynamic force like that, moving in moral systems, must not have in the community one objector. And yet we have had them. I have seen Christie Brandon hold the whole congregation in a crowded schoolhouse for class meeting, at the close of the preaching service. Remember, everyone did not speak, but they all found in the leader a true exponent of the truth he taught, and in his life, a perfect reflection of the Christ he loved, and they liked the atmosphere they found in a place like that. Christie Brandon was an Irish Methodist, of the Gideon Ousley type. He and his boys worked the farm on week days and held steady relations with the neighbors. On Sunday they met in the country church where the confidence was mutual. Then one quarterly meeting Sunday, when all outside appointments would be closed, the people gathered in the Souris church at a sacrament for all the circuit, with Christie Brandon as the preacher,—a gifted

man with a good voice, a bit of an Irish accent, apt in illustration, knew the law and the prophets, an authority on sin, repentance, confession, conversion and sanctification, and all backed by the transparent goodness of the man. It proved a great prelude to the love feast and sacrament which always followed. Mighty seasons of power and blessing made the days and weeks bright with an even joy. I loved those dear saints, and, in a measure, knew the power they were to the Christian church. Of course, all the success on a field was attributed to the superintendent in charge, but the Lord keeps a register of His own, and when the history of the early church in this country comes to be written these grand old lay champions of truth, who lived Christ on week days and preached Him on Sunday, will come into their own.

I sat in a Brandon conference one day, many years ago, and heard a six o'clock meeting announced in one of the conference rooms for the next morning. At that early morning meeting I saw Rev. William Somerville for the first time. He was the leader. He had come to us

from the Montreal conference the year before. A spare, light-complexioned man, who was seldom heard in conference, yet here he was leading this meeting,—a man with a message, and that message seemed to be backed up with an experience. It was the old gospel of consecration, “filled with the spirit,” and “anointed for service.” There were no complex problems to face. It was simple and easy and sane and sensible. It was the prodigal’s initial venture when “he came to himself.” He yielded everything and received everything. It was a great priming place to receive fodder for next year’s forceful efforts. Soon he had men, many years his senior, sitting at his feet, learning the mighty secret of soul winning. I can trace that good man’s trail over the missions and circuits of this Province, and find men and women basking in the sunlight of the truth he taught and breathing still the fragrance of his saintly life. In all three western conferences are ministers preaching the truth of Jesus Christ, who were brought to the Saviour when they were boys under his saintly ministry.

Once he told this story on himself. “Only a young boy, just out from Ireland, working in

a lumber camp, he used to kneel at his bunk at night to say his prayers, when a boot, and sometimes a bootjack, would come over in his direction. One night, after the little prayer was over, a burly Scotchman who took no stock in religion called the "rounders" to attention, and this was the speech he made: "Any one, after this, who disturbs Wallie in his prayers will have me to settle with." That was the end of the whole matter.

The year the conference divided we honored ourselves by making Bro. Somerville our first president, and when that summer he went back to Ireland to visit his aged father, we men of the district made it easy for him by supplying all the Sundays he was absent.

When another great sorrow came to our home, and our poor hearts were broken beyond repair, this good man and his faithful wife came. All his life he had preached, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." Where others struggled beneath all they could carry there was always a place for him to get his shoulder under somewhere. We will never forget his prayer that day. He just talked to his Father and ours. Here was the great Head of the house, and we all one family

of His children serving and fighting, and one had been promoted, not lost, but honored and promoted and titled and crowned.

Never robust in health, the good man stayed far too long with his work. When we discovered his condition he was taken to the hospital with a view to build him up for an operation, but he never rallied, and we found that his working days were done.

I dropped in one evening and found him very near the borderland. He could only whisper. Just briefly I said, "Saviour precious and near?" "Very." "You'll likely see Fred before I will. Tell him we are battling along the fighting line, and will surely come later." "I'll tell him," were the last words I heard the good man say. A few hours later he quietly crossed over and there passed one of the best men I ever knew. Such lives and such company help to give heaven its best attraction.

Rev. J. H. L. Jocelyn was another brother who used to attend those six o'clock morning meetings to get primed for next year's victories. God has spared him and his good wife long to the church, and made them a positive blessing to many fields. Three or four of their noble

sons heard God's call to free Europe from the iron heel of a heathen oppressor, and open to all the peoples of the world a free Christian democracy. Their hearts have also been pierced by reason of the supreme sacrifice made.

Brother Jocelyn was one of the most energetic men among the early day Methodists, and was always in the spirit. In those days we did not know where we were going until we heard the stations read, and it was always a privilege and a joy to be stationed near these men.

We laid our work out in the early autumn and aimed to give two or three weeks' special services at each appointment. At times, when close enough, we would carry the work on at home on week nights, and for rest exchange appointments on Sunday.

At these meetings the stern realities of eternity were dealt with. The conviction was deep and pungent. The change of heart aimed at called for a "clean up" of all the past. At times the element of restitution came in. Some of the men had things in their possession from the store in town that the storekeeper did not know about. They brought the articles in, the storekeeper fixed his price, and they paid the

cash. One merchant said, "Pastor, you go right on with your night meetings. They are bringing results."

Another was in a fit of temper when he killed his neighbor's pig. The brute would be in there, rooting down his mangers and harness, and this day he just hit it once with the neck-yoke and all was over. Then he buried it out of sight, in the manure pile, and lived for days with his secret. Now he wanted to get right with God and that pig stood in the way. His question to the pastor was, "What can I do?" "Go and settle for the pig." So he went to the owner, told him he had killed and buried his animal, that he was very sorry, that he had turned over a new leaf, and wanted to know what cash settlement would make it right. "Why, I blamed Bill for taking that pig, and was just biding my time to steal something from him, but if you are bent on change of front, and make this matter right with God, I'll make the price of the pig my contribution and good-will to your choice of the better way; and further, let me say, old top, it's the most sensible step any man can take."

There was nothing public about this—the sin

was committed secretly, and settlement was arranged with just God and the man who killed the animal and the owner present. Well, the pig-killer walked home with a light step, and before the meeting opened that night there was joy in heaven over another sinner brought into the kingdom.

Another man got into this new country without paying transportation. A carload of settler's effects entitles one man to a pass. This extra mortal got strayed in among the baled hay and horses and escaped observation. Now he wanted to get into the kingdom, and that unpaid fare "stood as the lion in the way." He knew the price at the time he made the trip, and often flattered himself on his cleverness in making the save, but he enclosed the amount as conscience money to the C.P.R. Company, confessed that and all other sins, and found peace and pardon through Christ.

All these struggles were worked out secretly between the sinner and his God, between the prodigal and his Father, and generally it resulted in a clear, sound conversion. I sometimes used to think the Lord favored us with temperate weather. The teams would stand

outside with their warm blankets on. Children, young people, and heads of families would often be among the seekers of the new life, and the high joy of the work was shared by everybody. I do not think that God or angels or men ever looked on anything more beautiful than a whole community turning to God.

Next to heaven itself is the pastor's delight at a time like this. His family and home duties received the same attention, the careful preparation for the evening service was not neglected, and prayerful and joyous anticipation of what the evening results would be made all the other moments a glad expectant time.

Returning late at night, town asleep, lights all out but one, broncho unharnessed and made comfortable for the night, hot fire in kitchen stove, kiddies all in bed asleep, just one little woman up and awake. She likely got a kiss the first thing. Spotless cloth, hot tea or coffee, Manitoba bread and butter, and perhaps a little dish of home-made preserved wild plums. Talk about kings and palaces and big dining halls and forty courses at a meal, hear me when I say you can't think of anything by way of exchange in occupation and condition without suffering disappointment and loss.

Then later, the closing night would come. It was, as a rule, a short talk on "how to grow in grace and be strong," a testimony meeting, and taking the names of the converts. Sometimes in numbers they amounted to thirty, forty and sixty as the result of a single series of meetings. A few additions like these in the membership column make the increase look good in the returns to conference at the May district meeting.

CHAPTER IX

SOME PIONEER METHODIST PREACHERS

THE early preacher aimed to combine the office of pastor and minister, with the emphasis largely on the latter. He watched the town and all the settlement for newcomers, and aimed to catch them while they were unloading their effects to occupy the new home. He cultivated the spirit that allowed any little thing that showed advancement in his work to give him encouragement. The applied law of universal progress became the rule of his life. He was not in competition with other churches or other pastors. He did not know how they stood, but he knew how he stood last year, and so was in competition with himself to smash all records of his own of the year before. The Sunday school teachers and staff, his own children, and the children of the families of the church, stood engaged to pay tribute and respect to any degree of honor at-

tained. In a Sunday school of two hundred I had a very competent staff of officers and teachers, and an unusually intelligent class of young people and children enrolled. The provincial report of teachers' examinations gave the names of twelve obtaining the highest standing in the Province. Three of them were young people from the Neepawa Methodist Sunday school, and all three were almost at the head of the list. The distinguished honor was referred to with pride in open school the following Sunday, and held up as an incentive to the younger children. The high hopes of their friends have been justified, as all three are heading to the highest places in their chosen professions.

Then the temperament has something to do with the successful pioneer. If he be true to his high mission he will have faith in himself and will be hopeful in his work. I can not conceive how God can call any other kind of man. Look at this dominant feature in the men who led the victorious warriors in France and Belgium.

The leader of any conquering legion must be bright and confident and hopeful. A man

rarely lives higher than his own ideal. It is astonishing how many are living this life and professing to swing quite a lofty career on merely a passive faith. Pharoah's was a passive faith. Joseph built the granaries and gathered in the corn. Queen Isabel's was a passive faith. She made the investment and equipped the craft; Columbus found the continent. It is a passive faith when a man invests in ten cent mining shares; an active faith for the man who holds the money and pushes the enterprise and declares the dividends. But the faithful ambassador should have both. There are times when after sowing the seed he gives active attention to other duties, while the harvest is ripening. There comes a time when he must measure his strength against great odds, and finds himself pulling alone against a mighty torrent of opposing forces. Then he passively stands on one promise, and actively applies the force to another, like the man who, fighting wolves in his own dooryard, kept his wife loading one rifle while he took aim and fired with the other. Next morning it kept him busy counting the numbers he had killed and wounded. So the successful pioneer must cul-

tivate such a disposition that he gathers inspiration from the slightest evidence of improvement. The merest indication of a turning tide fills him with delight, encouragement, and hope.

There is something peaceful and dynamic about man's God-inspired strength and skill and ability to dominate. There he is a man. He looks human, he is human, yet put him ahead of God, under His command in the line of duty, and he will go through forces ten times his own. David, a mere stripling, with God overcomes Goliath, a giant, without Him.

To me, it is like a mighty city, well equipped and wealthy, but whose streets and homes are in darkness. Right in its midst is a perfect electric plant, all in readiness. The citizens in home and street are anxious for that light, and that dynamo flashes sparks as if in nervous haste to give it. Oh for a hand to make the positive and negative meet and complete the circuit and flash light into the dungeon of home and street!

Such was the state of things when Wesley turned his batteries upon the world in 1739. His preachers were flames of fire. They were

not philosophers, they were not scholars. They were simple-minded men, with a simple message, but with skill enough to teach that the good in God and the good in man could meet and produce light. This is the message it has been the mission of the pioneer to carry. It was then, and is now, the food, not only for the settler but for the masses. The mighty secret of its sovereign success is that it satisfies.

"A Campbellite preacher said to me: 'You Methodists are like a nest of young robins. The old mother bird comes along and the young ones open their mouths and take it down, bug or cherry.' 'Thanks,' I said, 'I'll take that, but let me ask, did you ever see a nest of young robins that were not fat? Can you name a better example of the eternal fitness of things than the relations existing between the mother robin and her nest of young fledglings? Did you ever know a mother robin to poison her offspring? Who knows better when to bring the bug, or when to administer the cherry?' Then I said: 'Let me belong to that succession whose skill and prudence in feeding a flock keeps pace with the maternal care and caution of that mother robin.' And I want to say here, that the fu-

ture continued success of the church depends upon the same principles that have achieved her phenomenal growth in the past. If she continues to fill her mission so as to call forth such unintended compliments, and run a strong race to crown a glorious destiny, her coming preachers and teachers must be true to the traditions of the past, stand by the old landmarks, preach the old gospel, and make the most of the old methods.

I have noted the fact that the pioneer preacher was successful and strong because he always had a strong and united flock behind him.

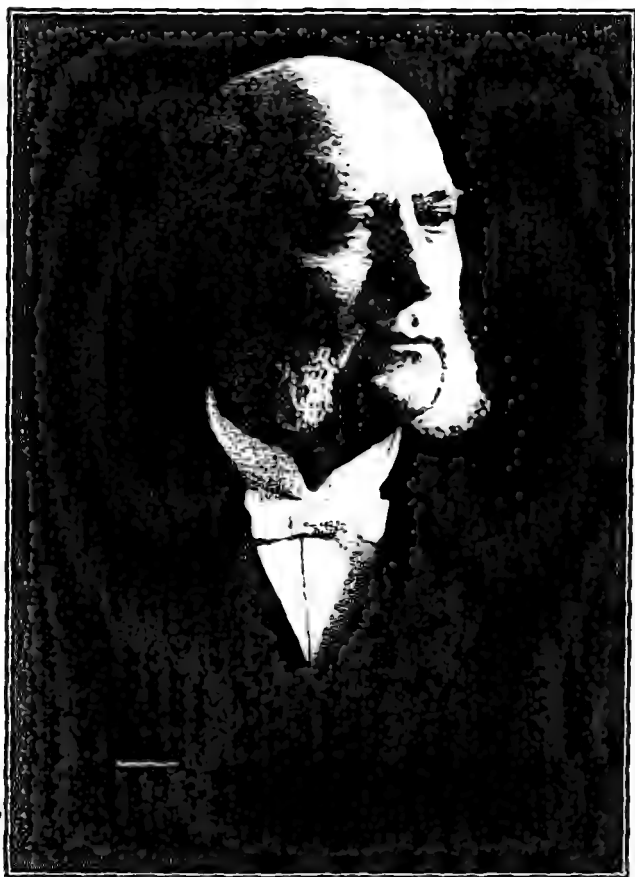
The westerner has always strongly objected to a diluted gospel. Any adventurer posing as a preacher finds the western people hard to fool. German higher criticism and destructive Socialism never did take root in occidental soil. No one on God's green earth is quicker to detect what is spurious and irreverent in the pulpit than the ordinary westerner. After a violent outburst of party politics in his pulpit, a Methodist preacher told a North of Ireland man that "the Lord told him to preach that sermon." "Well," said the Irishman, "when

He tells you to preach another like that, let me know and I won't be there." Another preached party politics till he reduced his congregation to six people. Another went to his country appointment three successive Sundays without finding a soul present. The best men in both parties condemned party politics in the pulpit. Another minister left a legacy of \$3,000.00 overdraft in the bank to his successor as a token and pledge that preaching party politics from the pulpit is not popular.

Another young sprig of divinity, preaching near a western ranch, expunged eight chapters of Genesis from the Scripture, cast aspersion on the virgin birth, and put hell out of existence, all in one sermon. Returning home the manager of the ranch used unprintable language, and ended up by saying, "There is such a hell of a difference between the Methodism my mother taught and lived and the kind that guy preaches that I don't believe they belong to the same church." A man never comes down to this without first losing his spiritual life. Jonah's spiritual thermometer once dropped to zero, and he started off doing things he felt like doing, and took boat for Tarshish and went

right down to where the "weeds wrapped about his head," and everyone of his followers meets the same experience. The man who does it fails to hold his own or retain the respect of others. I have never known a German higher critic, a destructive Socialist, or a political pulpiteer ever to bring a report to a conference that either he or his brethren were proud of. From all such crime and folly let me exonerate all "old timers." Every one of them stood fast by the old Gospel which brought him such triumphs in other years. With all candor, I can compliment the pioneers who laid the foundation of Methodism in the West. They took their call to the ministry seriously, and stood four square to any temptation to eclipse their influence or stir up division or strife in their congregations. Born by a vital flame into a new life, they kept the fires burning, and employed their energies to bring others into the new and living way, and thereby escaped the temptation to philosophize in theories which came to those in whose hearts the fire burned low, or was out altogether.

I also clear from such indiscretion every strong preacher in the conference, and we



REV. W. J. SPARLING

Founder and first Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg; President of the Methodist Conference in 1898; stood in the first rank as an educationalist, and one of the steadiest and sanest leaders, in all church work in the Canadian West.



have had strong men in our church in the West. Rev. Dr. Sparling knew all about subtle philosophies and follies which have thrown thousands of weaker men off their balance, and finally submerged them altogether. But he never got above or below living and preaching the mighty infinite love of Christ, and the mystic powers of the Holy Spirit which made him a new man in Christ Jesus. The great peace he had in his heart found a reflection in his countenance, and always sent out a message aflame with love. Coming to one's field for Wesley College Day while a revival was in progress, he just joined in with the revival, and the college was always taken care of. His advice to all preachers was, "As you value your character and influence, keep politics out of your pulpit."

Dr. Crummy was eloquent, tender and impressive as a preacher whose thoughtful utterances never failed to capture and delight his hearers. He understood the sophistries by which men would undermine truth, but ever stood as the champion of the great cardinal doctrines of the inspired Word. For four years

Dr. Crummy was pastor of the mother church of Methodism in the west, and afterwards as principal of Wesley College, where as a preacher and scholar in the pulpit or professor's chair, with ease and grace he took his part in any company, on any subject. Indeed, the Methodist conference, Wesley College, and the Methodist people rested in confidence with Dr. Crummy at the helm in any position of responsibility where Christian scholarship played a part.

Dr. J. H. Riddell was an evangelist when he was a young preacher, and the schoolhouses that made up the appointments on his circuit were storm centres of spiritual life and power, where sinners were converted and believers were cleansed and anointed and filled with the Spirit. Later, as assistant at Grace Church, and in charge of the other churches in the city, the same spirit of sacrifice and service characterized his efforts. To-day his services are sought by every church that aims to rise to a higher plane of Christian living and seeks closer kinship with God. I know of no man west of the Great Lakes who carries a more helpful message, and who holds the spirit to infuse that helpfulness into the heart and life



of God's faithful toilers. It is simply that old gospel of Jesus Christ that saves and keeps and anoints for work. It is this spirit that accounts for his phenomenal success in the academic and financial triumphs of Wesley College.

These men were all Imperialists. They were bigger than politicians and political parties. The same may be said of all the other strong men in the conference.

Alone one day, with my gun, within a few hundred yards of Whitewater Lake, passing the outbuildings of a British homesteader I found outside the henhouse three dead Canadian sable, fur-bearing animals (their Manitoba name is skunk). All tragedies of this kind have a history. The night before these three representatives of the animal kingdom made a German midnight raid on a colony of defenceless non-combatants, whereupon the sentinels of this colony raised a loud cry of alarm, which was heard by the British homesteader who held a sacred protectorate over said colony. In less time than I can tell along came John Bull with a lantern and a gun, and the gun was loaded. Here was a nice bit of inside warfare under kerosene illumination, and the British

and Germans went to it. As usual, the British made an absolute "clean up," and I happened to get along before the enemy's dead were buried.

Just here I may relate a story as told by a returned soldier. "An Englishman, a Scotchman and a Frenchman had captured a Hun, to whom they were anxious to administer some punishment before they sent him back to be interned in the regular camp. Across the way was an empty henhouse in which there was a skunk. It was known also that the lone occupant had the place odorised to the highest extent the tightness of the building would permit. To ascertain whether the punishment would be severe enough or not they all decided to test it. So the Englishman went in. All he could stand was five minutes and he came out. The Scotchman took a turn—he stayed five minutes and came out. Then the Frenchman went in and he stayed five minutes and came out. Last of all they sent the Hun in—he stayed fifteen minutes—and the skunk came out!"

I would not be understood as casting any reflection on the skunk. He is a great favorite with the ladies because of the sable fur he fur-

nishes, and he is just as good as his Maker made him. But the Hun is not. He has put Christ and God and love and honor out of his life. He is a moral degenerate, and has taught, cultivated and encouraged moral degeneracy to his children, so that he is without a code of honor, destitute of any sense of individual or national decency, distrusted and dishonored by men and nations, and has forfeited the right and privilege to live or do business among decent people. That is why all their kinsmen, and all the people who sympathise with them in Britain or British Colonies, should be picked up and taken back to their own country in this reconstruction where, as a nation, they see themselves, realize the cause of their disaster, repent, reform, and grow up together into civilization and Christianity. Once they make good, the Christian nations of the world will take them back at par.

There is a danger that crimes and cruelties and things that have caused heartbreaks may, after a time, be condoned, especially if those who have to do with after-war conditions are persons who have never been touched by the war.

A common criminal murders one man and he pays the penalty of death. Napoleon broke one treaty and was banished to St. Helena for life. But here is the blackest criminal of all history—the arch-demon of hell, the one multi-million murderer—six months after the armistice living in state in a palace home, with a retinue or servants, in a neutral country, so far absolutely immune from punishment.

But let no one worry about the kaiser. The wretch is under a power he cannot escape from, no matter what country he exists in. No penalty, however severe that the Allied Powers could inflict, would adequately meet the enormity of his crimes or prove a punishment for his wickedness.

He should be banished, and made to live alone in some desert place, that he may no further influence the vile wretches who have breathed the poison of his bad faith and fed at his trough, but for adequate punishment for his unmentionable crimes men and nations are out of it—we may well leave that to the Great “Judge of all the earth.”

But to come back again to the tragedy of the three dead skunks. I noticed this, that

they were three of the fattest animals I had ever seen. They were simply rounded out with about all the fat they could carry.

The Manitoba pioneer is the man who pushed this country through its experimental stage. He lived with his eyes wide open and his wits to work all the time. He found the buffalo, short-tailed deer, moose, elk and antelope all fat in the fall. On trial he found that horses, cattle and sheep would flourish finely on the same nutritious native grasses. The early settlers found the wild geese, wild ducks, partridge, grouse and prairie chicken all fat in the fall, and when he introduced the domestic goose, duck, turkey and hen, he found them to thrive equally well.

The settler's native instinct told him that that rich black soil would grow first-class vegetables, and it did.

It fell to the pioneer Methodist preacher, the Rev. Michael Faucett, away back in the early seventies, in the neighborhood of Poplar Point and High Bluff, to demonstrate that the hardy annuals like pansy, phlox, aster, verbena, zinnia, balsam, etc., could be grown and developed in absolute floral perfection in this

country. The reverend gentleman and his family spread, according to tradition, the first outdoor horticultural exhibition in this new land, which was the delight and admiration of the settlement, and the Indians and Indian women and children of the country.

CHAPTER X

MANITOBA AND THE WAR

THE pioneer settler broke his land with an ox team and a walking plow, harrowed it with a wooden-toothed drag, and sowed it by hand. When he came to harvest time the grain was thick on the ground, and stood up to his neck.

When he came to thresh his first harvest and got hold of a handful of native grown spring wheat, he thought he had something that looked good, but he did not know its quality.

When that first grist came home from the old Hudson's Bay mill it was for the pioneer settler's wife to offer the first practical expert opinion on the quality of flour made from Manitoba hard wheat.

The minute she got her hand in that sponge she felt a spring she had never felt in dough before, and when it came to rise it built straight up in place of running over the sides, and came out of the oven the whitest bread she had ever seen.

Expert tests since confirm that woman's opinion, and have given earth-wide fame in all the markets of the world to Manitoba hard, and have pronounced the product made from it to be the best flour any country in the world can produce.

And yet this is the wheat the Manitoba farmer finds such a fascination in growing. For thirty years this dull old western farmer has been scolded, lectured and abused because he grows all wheat and refuses to go into mixed farming, but he listens to all they say, and goes on with his work. The fact is the western farmer is very human. He simply follows that which gives him the best cash returns for the least work. I met one of these farmers one afternoon in a town in central Manitoba. He was a genial, sociable man, and an official in the Methodist church. Born in England he was after the John Bull type, but had taken on Canadian ways. I said to him, "You look happy to-day, Mr. Doble." He said, "I *am* happy. I have just sold 6,000 bushels of wheat for \$6,000.00." I know for a fact that big farmer had not more than one or two cows on his place.

Many of these strong farmers have automobiles, and they say they will not tie themselves down with a bunch of cows when they want to take their family out for a ride. And yet they all got their start and became well-to-do by raising cattle, pigs, and poultry. Here are wheat-growing lands and mixed farming propositions in a British country, where the best of everything can be produced, sound and solid investments, with sure and abounding returns, and I covet all these advantages for a purely British population.

Manitoba as a province, and especially Winnipeg as a city, has been very hard hit by the war. The following among the old-time ministers of the city mourn the loss of boys they love: Rev. Dr. Crummy, Rev. Dr. Riddell, Rev. Dr. DuVal, Rev. Dr. Baird, Rev. Dr. Christie, Rev. Dr. John McLean, Rev. J. H. L. Jocelyn, Rev. G. K. B. Adams, Rev. S. O. Irvine.

The brave sons of these men were among the brightest and best from the colleges and business centres of the central West. They heard the call of God early in the conflict, and offered themselves to Britain's cause, to stop oppres-

sion and give a world-wide freedom to men. They arrived on the field of conflict while the Hun was still strong and won their victories against fearful odds. Rev. Mr. Bethell's son also made the supreme sacrifice while training in this country for overseas.

Here is the way one old timer writes to another to condole war-time sorrows:

"My dear Brother,—

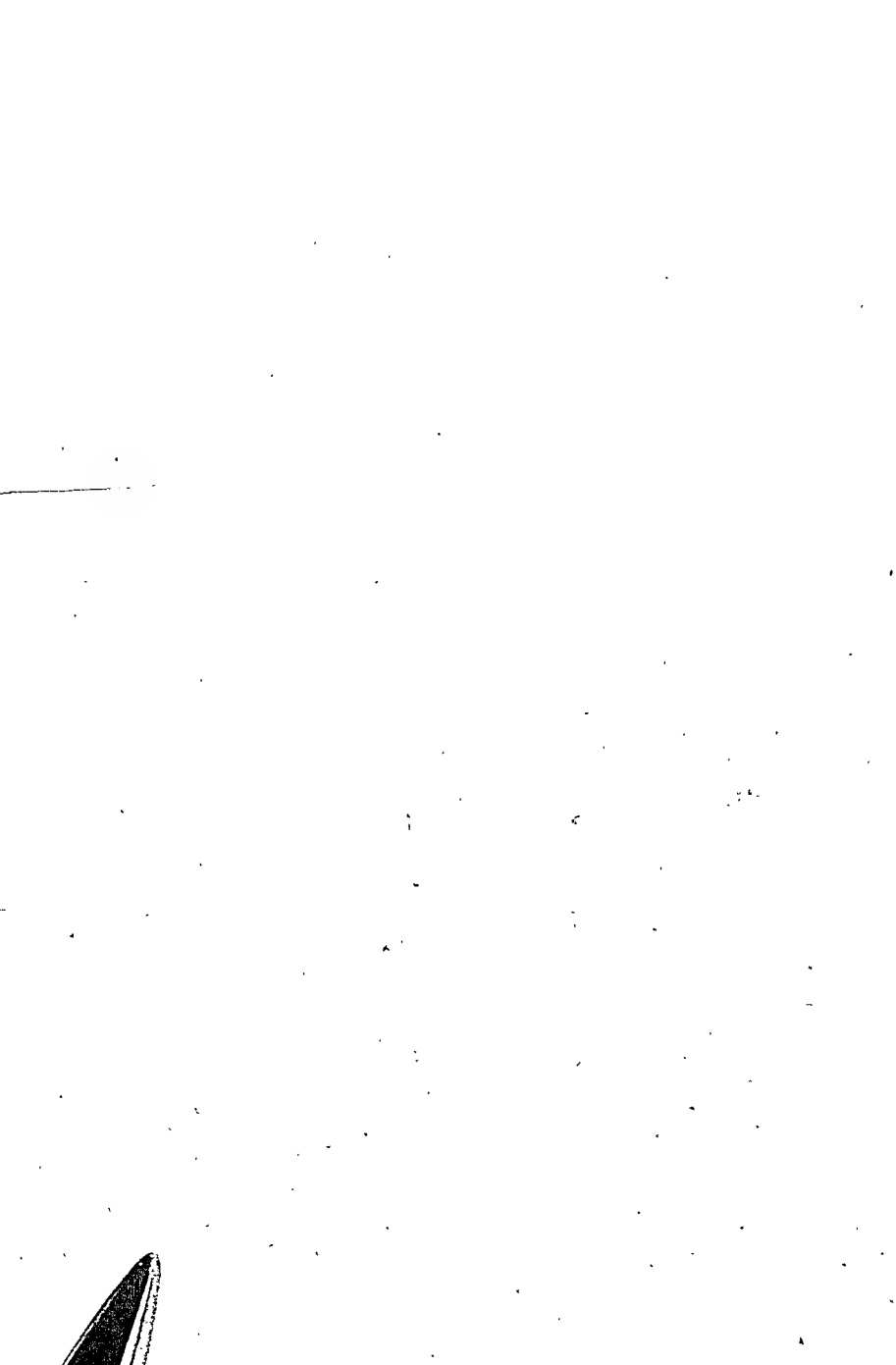
"I cannot express to you the keen sorrow that came to my heart on reading of the death of your dear brave boy at the front, a few days ago. I am not like one who is inexperienced in a grief of this kind. No one need think that words or sentences, no matter how well formed, avail anything at a time like this.

"The very best that the kindest friends, with the most laudable and sympathetic intent, can do, still leaves you without that personality whose presence was always a fond pride and joy. All that I have known of your dear boy places him in the same class with my own, who figured in the same fight and against the same foe. I see them together now, probably about the same age (Fred was killed a few days after he became twenty-one), light of the home, the



PRIVATE FRED W. BRIDGMAN

Signed with the C.E.F. as a dispatch rider on his twentieth birthday; trained at Niagara and Toronto and Bramshot, England; transferred to 102nd B.C. Battalion; killed in action on Sunday, October 22nd, 1916.



pride of fond parents' hearts—every hour in the home an hour of delight and joy—the very flower and cream of Canada's young manhood.

"No wonder we are dumbfounded and sick with grief, and our hearts broken beyond repair.

"Yes, brother, we loved them, but we did not know how much until we came to know that they were laid in unknown graves beyond the sea.

"If this life were all, we could not survive the stroke, but we know they live, and herein is our hope, yea, our 'joy.' They heard the call of God, and they said, 'Here am I.' They went hopefully forth to service and to sacrifice. They did their work well and their reward came soon. I cannot get away from the thought that God ordained peace for this world. There is no real progress or prosperity where there is not peace. When Christ was born the angels sang 'Peace on earth.' Jesus Christ was born and practised peace while he lived, and died on the cross to give peace a legacy to all mankind.

"There have always been disturbers of the peace. The devil has always been its enemy. The latest and most deadly modern disturber

is the Hun. This Hun is at variance with everything that Jesus Christ taught. Our Lord died a young man. He laid down his life to establish 'peace on earth,' and these boys made their supreme sacrifice to perpetuate the very peace for which Christ died.

"So, my brother, we have Jesus Christ, your boy and mine, all martyrs, making the supreme sacrifice for the same great cause, helping to clear the obstacles to freedom and liberty, ridding the world of tyranny and oppression, and establishing and perpetuating a permanent peace among all nations in all generations yet to come."

The sorrow that comes when a bright boy falls at the front is different from any other sorrow that comes by death. The same boy passing away at home, you can hold his hand and hear his last message, and close his eyes, and even dying young, you may feel that nature ran its course. But in the other case he is far away from home, and is cut down in the strength and vigor of young manhood. You cannot help but feel that it need not to have been. A right spirit on the part of men and of nations and no lives would have been lost. In

the home case the eyes weep, while in the war case the heart bleeds. After a time the tears will dry, but in the other the heart wounds never heal. You may engage yourself and seek interest and diversion, but a dozen times a day, and twenty times at night, the heart wounds open and bleed a little. There is no spirit of rebellion or regret, just one of intense love. If he had a grave and I knew where it was, I would save all my money and travel to Courcellette in France, and lie down on that grave and kiss the soil that covers the body of so good and brave a boy. And I am not different from other fathers, nor my boy different from others who have given their lives.

And what of the mothers and wives? I do not know what makes me so sure, but I feel certain that the mother feels the absence of her boy more than the father can. I have sometimes felt that my own sorrow was assuaged, even when trying to imagine how much harder the blow falls on the mother. Once that boy was all her life, then infancy, childhood, boyhood, now strong young manhood. He hears God's call and goes, and does not come back. Talk about bravery on the battlefield! I would

I had a pen that could indite an eloquent eulogy. I would use it to write one in praise of the mothers, wives and sisters of the boys whom God has called.

My conception is this. Here is pre-eminently a religious war. When God saw that Hunkultur under "the powers of darkness" was bound to force the issue, He called the best young manhood in Christian civilization to His army to fight His battles, to do His bidding, and sometimes to make the supreme sacrifice. So clearly is this spirit manifest that I have never known an instance where He called the son that He did not call the mother to acquiesce, and when He called the husband the wife also seemed to hear the call; so that no matter what the home conditions were the man who heard the call went to the war. It is the underlying faith in this call of God that is sustaining the mother, wife, sister, as well as father and brothers to-day.

I sat in Grace Church (the mother church of Methodism in Winnipeg) in front of whose pulpit hangs an honor roll containing the names of Canadian heroes, numbering between half and three-quarters of a battalion. That


night two thousand people stood with bowed heads and heard read the names of sixty of the city's brightest young manhood from the church that had made the supreme sacrifice.

Captain, Rev. Dr. J. E. Hughson, pastor of the church, was over in France with the boys, and the acting pastor, Rev. C. A. Sykes, had two sons serving over there with the Canadian Forces, all of which added to the deep solemnity of the occasion. It was the most solemn and impressive service I ever was in.

From all that I know of that congregation, if a vote had been asked for the deportation of all Germans, Austrians, Bulgars and Turks and their families from Canada, I believe that whole congregation would have voted for their expulsion.

Wesley College has an honor roll of four hundred, of whom forty have been killed in action.

Visiting the Tuxedo Military Hospital I fell in with a young returned boy who was nerve-shattered and shell-shocked. He told me of fifteen chums from the same high school, and the same number of young girls who used to attend entertainments and skating parties



while training here, and some one of their mothers would have the whole party in for refreshments after the entertainment. They trained quickly and were hurried over early in the conflict. Fourteen of them were killed in action, and he alone had returned in this condition. "Last evening," he said, "I had tea with the mother of one of these boys and told her that I suffer such feelings of sadness and loneliness that I sometimes wish I had gone with them. I know they are happier than I am."

All over this Dominion are these silent, patient, suffering little mothers who are bearing to the utmost limit the last ounce of a burden almost intolerable, and all done without a murmur. Does the Government of this Dominion want to help these faithful little women? Then remove out of their sight all enemy aliens, next-of-kin to the enemy who destroyed the brave boys they loved.

You do not always look for theology from leaders on the battlefield, and yet our own Sir Arthur Currie's appeal to his men fits in perfectly with the faith that makes mothers and fathers strong in these heart-burning times. Here is what he said:

"I place my trust in the Canadian corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand, facing the enemy. To those who fall I say, 'You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate but will have been proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you to Himself.' "

Colonel John Buchan says "that neither Cromwell nor Lincoln could better that."

The day the armistice was signed there was great jubilation in Winnipeg. Every device that could emphasize victory and triumph was symbolized in the mighty processions. There were some of us, while we approved of everything, could not enter into the spirit of the celebration. We did not fully understand why, until our reverend and venerable comrade, Rev. Dr. DuVal, whose soul also was pierced, gave the public the following poem:

THE HOUR'S CALL

Hurrah! Hurrah! Up from the multitude
That floats upon the surface stream of life
Arose this cry of victory and peace;
But here and there among the crowd I saw
Some faces sad—Ah! these were they
Who paid the price of victory and peace
With blood of those they loved above the joys
Of life. Like Mary at the cross: they stood,
And gazed upon the best loved crucified
For human weal. They, too, had felt the sword
That pierced through Mary's soul. Uncover here
Ye thoughtless ones, and reverence pay to those
Who gave their sons to die that you might live
In peace and liberty. In wisdom weigh
The debt you owe, and pray for honesty
To pay. Give not untutored passion rein
To gratify unholy lust; nor eat
And drink with common glee by virtue's grave.
Give not your soul to greed of gain nor pride;
But in this solemn hour rededicate your strength
To make this land more worthy those who died.

CHAPTER XI

THE ALIEN IN WESTERN CANADA

HERE is a topic on which volumes have been written, and where views of various persons have differed widely, but as one on the ground, and therefore having watched the trend of the immigration movement from the beginning, I wish to submit that the problem is one the solution of which both governments and churches find themselves utterly at sea. That is to say, neither has been able to suggest a solution.

I am serious about this because I see in it the greatest and gravest complications that confront the whole reconstruction work. Moreover, the present is the time this problem should be solved.

First, I want to state that the people of all the provinces and of the Dominion readily admit that the class of immigrants we have been getting is a hard and costly class to civilize and

govern, and yet few people know what an enormous cost they are to the state.

Every European community is made up of three classes:

- (1) The cultured and the wealthy.
- (2) The well-to-do, composed of the agriculturists and the workingmen.
- (3) The "rag-tag"—the lowest class, the criminals.

Somehow or other we in the west have come to believe that the last class is the one we have been loaded up with. A few months after landing here foreign immigrants began to figure in the police court, then quickly extended their record up in the assizes, and it was not very long before they proceeded to monopolize both.

Thirteen years ago, in addressing the grand jury at the assizes, Chief Justice Howell deplored the increase of criminality among foreigners, and proceeded to try four such cases that appeared on the criminal docket. These people came here full-fledged graduates of the passions that play on the weaknesses of men, and, almost at once, signed with some department of the criminal record.

At marriage festivals instead of laying in

stuff to eat they stock up in things to drink. If they wager in any matter they bet the "beer." At one of these marriage feasts the whole company got drunk and a general fight followed, in which one man was killed and two others were mortally wounded. The next morning out of twenty-seven wedding guests seventeen lined up at the police court. Here is what appeared in a Winnipeg daily paper of December 1, 1908: "The whole thing is one of those drunken rows to which these people are addicted. I have had three such cases before me within a week, and it is time to make an example of somebody. I find him guilty of assault, and sentence him to six months in Portage la Prairie jail." These were the words of Magistrate Daly at the close of a long trial of Ksolyk Zdrudyszyn for assault upon Joseph Nudrasgys, in which the latter was welted in the back of the head with a big bottle and his scalp badly cut. These people seem to carry an innate morbid passion to shed blood. Their bringing up, home training, education, or lack of education, seem to generate an absolute disregard for human life. One night a young Austrian killed his chum. Arraigned in police

court next morning he pleaded guilty. Asked why he had done the deed he could assign no reason—he did not know. He got drunk and felt like doing something, and so did that.

Another Austrian shot a moose out of season and his neighbor informed the game guardian, who summoned and fined the illegal hunter. Returning one night with their oxen and empty woodsleds, the man who was fined cut a club, went back the trail under the cover of darkness, knocked the informer on the head, dragged the body in the scrub, and went and boasted to the dead man's wife that "he would never inform on him any more."

A burly German-Austrian left his wife and children, and with another partner went to another part of this province and was raising a rival family. I am sorry that the criminal code, as we have the law now in Canada, does not make that a crime. But he was wanted on another count. He assured the young girl that he would protect her. When the provincial constable came to the house he shot through the door and killed him. When afterwards he was taken he tried to lay the shooting on the girl; but they hung the cowardly wretch.

A wood merchant died and his widow took the office and carried on the business, continuing an Austro-German in her employ. One night, in a fit of mad jealousy, the foreigner stabbed the little woman to the heart, and then cheated the gallows by stabbing himself.

One of Winnipeg's best citizens found that his cottage at the beach had been broken into and goods taken, so, with officers of the law, he went to the house of the alien thief and found the goods. In the melee that followed the foreigner shot the citizen dead. There is another good British subject gone and another foreigner to hang.

In south-eastern Manitoba a young Austrian boy threatened he would get even with his employer, an old man of the same nationality. One day, when they were alone, he threw a stone and killed the old man. The boy was tried and found guilty of murder, but was too young to hang.

Bad blood was known to exist between an old Austrian and two boys of the same nationality, all working in a wood camp east of Winnipeg. That night the boys returned to camp,—no one knew anything of the old man. A search party

the next day found the dead body of the old Austrian bearing distinct marks of violence. The two boys were suspected and taken to the city. Examined at the trial one boy swore he had not seen anything; the other swore he had killed the man in self-defence.

All these cases of crime took place in Manitoba, and most of them in the eastern judicial district, of which Winnipeg is the centre.

Here is what appeared in a report from Regina, Saskatchewan, January 10, 1919: "Mike Syroishka, when he appeared before a local justice of the peace at Wakaw, Sask., on Tuesday, was committed to stand trial for the murder of six persons."

"The charge is that he murdered Prokop Manchur, aged 45: ———— Manchur, aged 15; Pauline Syroishka, aged 20; Oglia Syroishka, aged 2; John Mechaluk, aged 28, all residents of Wakaw."

This crime was committed while the war was on and it looks as if this criminal was trying to rival Kaiser Bill.

This weird list I have compiled represents scarcely one case a year out of the criminal calendar of this province, which these unfortunate people all but monopolize.

I have not the exact data to hand for Manitoba, but here they are for Ontario: "During the year 1907, according to the official Government returns, it cost Ontario \$314,315.03 for the maintenance of criminal and mentally affected immigrants imported into the province by the Dominion Government's Immigration Department. This bill, large as it appears, for punishing crime among foreigners, does not stand still. It grows in Ontario and every other province every year. But taking Ontario at the 1907 figure for all the following years to 1919, it has cost that province \$3,771,780.36 to nurse and punish the class of foreigners that was thrust upon her."

It is estimated that aliens cover ninety per cent. of the criminal calendar in the city of Winnipeg, and about the same in the assize courts. If an estimate of the prosecution of foreigners could be secured here as in Ontario it would show that the foreign immigrant, as we have him now, is an exceedingly costly creature to govern.

Now, what have these enemy aliens cost the churches, and to what extent have the churches been a help to them? From the first consign-

ment of these people who landed here it was plainly seen that they were good subjects for the best efforts of all the churches. There was a disposition to make good citizens of them, both by the civilian population and by the people of the churches. They called them "the strangers within our gates," and there was an inclination on the part of all the people to welcome them and to help them to become real citizens of our great commonwealth.

They had strong bodies, and this made both men and women prime factors in the initial stages of the country.

The churches all thought they saw their opportunity and were sincere in their offer to give them of their best moral and religious help. One church spent \$25,000 in equipment for these aliens, and now it costs \$12,500 a year to keep the institution running. This foreign mission is over thirty years old, and at last report had 35 members, and the two resident ordained ministers between them that year married three couples. By way of contrast, the church placed a missionary in an English-speaking section of the same city. He began earnest work eight years ago. Last year he reported

eighty-five members, a Sunday school with an average attendance of three hundred and twenty-five, and he alone married twenty-three couples. Another church expended less on its local equipment, but among the alien population all over the country the church established boarding schools in order to reach the children, but in spite of this outlay the moral and religious expectations have been equally disappointing. So far as I have been able to learn the same signal failure seems to mark the experience of all the churches in their efforts to aid the alien. He thinks evil and does wrong and commits crime because his nature is responsive to it, hence his high criminal record. But to the finer feelings of honor, integrity and virtue there is no response because his moral nature is dead. He has never had the chance of a moral awakening. The race he comes from never taught or cultivated Christian ethics. In the school of kultur in which he graduated, tenderness, mercy and love were not in the curriculum. The Christian civilization of Britain was based on love and humanity, and directed by God towards Jesus Christ. The kultur of Central Europe was based on hate and human

might, and was directed by man away from Jesus Christ, hence its defeat and fall.

It took three hundred years to build the Christian civilization of western Europe, from which the civilization of Canada and United States sprang, and the Briton was always a better subject to begin with than the Hun ever was.

And here is where we meet the enemy alien to-day—where the enemy Hun was three hundred years ago. No wonder he is impervious to every influence for good. He clings to crime and cultivates crime because it is natural to him. He does not do good because he is unacquainted with good. He knows self-will and envy and hatred and crime because he and his forefathers have lived with them for three hundred years. The laws of heredity breed virtue very slowly, and unless the heart aspires after it, virtue will not grow at all, hence criminality amongst enemy aliens, adult and juvenile, in this country was never greater than it is now. The criminal calendar at the spring assizes of 1919 for these people eclipses that of any other year.

At the assize court this 1919 at Minnedosa,

the judge found a criminal docket of ten cases, eight of which were against enemy aliens, and some of the charges were so bad that they could not be tried in open court.

Here is what appeared in a Winnipeg paper a few weeks ago:

"ASSIZES AT YORKTON

**"Foreigners Involved in Every Case on Long
Docket**

"Yorkton, Sask., April 8, 1919.—Thirty criminal cases, including murder, rape, incest, illegal shooting, assault, perjury and indecent assault comprise the criminal docket of the Court of King's Bench which opened sittings here this afternoon with Justice Bigelow presiding. Foreigners are involved in every case, and a couple of them were found guilty of assault and theft."

A week or two later the correspondent to the same paper, commenting on the number of enemy aliens charged and convictions following in every case, expressed the belief that as soon as the jail and penitentiary terms of these convicts were completed they should all be deported back to the fatherland of Germany and

Austria. But that is not enough. Criminals breed convicts. Next year there will be a bigger brood on the criminal docket than ever.

Now the question is asked, why are there no British-Canadians on this criminal docket of thirty? In a mixed community, where crime is rampant, why does the British-Canadian swing clear without an entry? We find our answer in the fact that Britain has carried on character building for three hundred years. In Britain there was spiritual conviction, and sincere conviction is nearly always followed by revivals, and revivals fired the churches and transformed whole communities. Then God touched the pen of the poet and the pen of the historian and that of the scientist, so that all their productions had an upward and moral trend. Following this, the communities and the world witnessed a moral and religious improvement in every decade. Then the sons of Britons emigrated into Canada, and British-Canadians moved into the Yorkton district, and lived as citizens in that mixed community without violating a law of the land. The Austro-Hun community never had moral or religious convictions, hence never had a revival.

As a race they stayed where they were spiritually three hundred years ago. They do not know the values in truth and love and virtue, in honor and manhood, and morality and character. They have gained in lust and crime and worldly wealth. They are rated at thirty, forty, sixty and a hundred thousand dollars. They buy a farm, a threshing machine, a steam plow and a super-six automobile and pay the cash. In all this they are at least the equal of the British-Canadian, but when you come to glance at the crimes on that criminal docket, in spite of their ease and opulence they are carried back to the low life of three hundred years ago. The Hun finds himself without moral capital. The missing link is the lack of the three hundred years of moral training that made the British-Canadian strong.

What a deplorable shame to blot the fair fame of a Canadian community with a criminal docket like that! If that whole settlement had been British-Canadian, that judge would have been presented with a pair of white kid gloves, but because of "enemy aliens" he had to face as large a docket of low crime as ever confronted a judge in the west.

Yorkton is a great British centre. Englishmen named it. It is only a contraction of old British York-Town. I knew it when there was no crime. The town and settlement ran for years without a magistrate. One person said, "There was never one appointed until after the alien came." Thousands of the sons of these Britishers offered themselves early in the war. Some of these heroes sleep in France and Flanders, and many are home scarred and maimed for life. What do these boys say? "Just the animals we met over there. The same treachery, the same indecency and lack of moral standard, the same class of crime, the same class of criminal, and the same low life." Here we have the astounding spectacle of a British-Canadian judge presiding over a British court, in a British country, and exercising his splendid genius in administering judicial sentences on thirty enemy aliens of his King and of his country.

And all this after every British settler in the community had given them an example in honor and integrity, and all the Christian churches had offered them full salvation by repentance, confession and faith in Jesus Christ.

The fact is these people do not want to be converted. They have not the native force to develop a single moral instinct. They would rather carouse and hold wine dinners, and steal and fight and stab and kill.

The very acme of all successful building is to classify and standardize. The teacher does it in the common school and the high school, and the faculty plies it in the university.

The low morale and the high police court and assize court records of the enemy alien prove that he is out of his class here. The most critical observers and the best judges of such things are our "returned boys," and after three or four years of companionship and experience with the Austro-Hun over there they think they know the class and standard to which the enemy alien over here belongs. Unanimously with them are the soldiers' many friends and all the next of kin of the immortal heroes who sleep in France and Flanders. So without malice or prejudice, with all charity for these unfortunate peoples, and with the best wishes for their moral and material welfare, we recommend and entreat, at this time of reconstruction and classification, that the half-hinge of

the enemy aliens here, men, women and children, meet the other half-hinge of the Austro-German community over there. That will leave the half-hinge of the vacated enemy aliens' homesteads in this Canadian-British heritage to meet the half-hinge of the heroic, maimed and crippled British-Canadian warrior, who will at last come into his own. In all this reconstruction nobody wants anything but even-handed justice all round. When these aliens and their children go back to their Fatherland they will meet a civilization and conditions provided them by their forefathers. When our returned heroes fall into these Canadian homesteads they will continue a civilization and participate in a heritage bought by the blood of Britons who fought at Trafalgar, Waterloo, and on the Plains of Abraham. Could the God of Justice smile upon a more equitable adjustment? Once back in their homeland, free from prejudice and handicap, and dispossessed of the thought that they are invaders of another nation's heritage, these people in the new day which is to dawn will bless Britain as their national liberator and erect monuments to Canadian heroes, by whose service and sac-

rifice they became the favored inheritors of a free democracy.

From what has preceded we have seen that these alien foreigners are the most costly class of immigrants to govern, and also that they are the most expensive to educate and christianize.

CHAPTER XII

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?


THEY came here from the most congested parts of Central Europe, and also the least advanced. At the time they came west they were three hundred years behind Canadian civilization. In their own country they seem to have lived in mud huts without floors. They all seemed to be wearing clothes of their own weaving and making. The way of living in their own country seems to have been of the most primitive type. Over twenty years ago a company of Canadian ladies, first-class housekeepers, wives of well-to-do farmers, in a splendid prairie settlement, had a general jubilee. A large party of these people had come in and were staying in the Immigration Hall in Winnipeg. They felt certain that the question of domestic help was now forever settled. Seven of them sent in to the Immigration Agent for a maid each, and the next train brought the

seven girls. Of course the refined ladies had made every preparation and had arranged for them nice rooms, but all to no avail. They were not acquainted with a single implement of modern indoor warfare, were not used to a floor in the house, or a stove, or a broom, or a churn, or to sit at a table, and not one of the women could get her girl to go to bed, just a mat on the floor, with a shawl over her, was the only way she would sleep. And further, not one of the Canadian ladies was sure that her girl had ever had a bath. Here was the problem of teaching these girls from the A, B, C of domestic service, and the pupil not able to speak or understand one word of English. Every one of the seven decided it was easier to jump into the harness again and do her own work rather than train an uninitiated maid in the intricacies of housekeeping, so they let the maids return. This domestic science is a slow course. It is said to have taken Britain three hundred years to come to her present stage of domestic refinement.

The men among these people had their principal qualification in their robustness and strength. Their work was rougher, such as

digging sewers, and many worked on railways, so that brute force was their chief asset. There was no skill, no refinement, no education, just a great, big, strong human. The alien proved an apt student at carousing and drinking, full of appetite and passion, with a temper that had never been curbed or conquered. So in a drunken rage he fought his way right through, and knew nothing until he pulled up at the police court next morning to answer for the criminal misdeeds of the night before. As a result he and his clansmen soon became known to the criminal calendar, and finally, almost to monopolize it. In all these triumphs of underworld tragedy this human, with the physical strength of an ox, finds himself egged on, without the aid of intellect or brain or mental or moral force, by that hellish Hun doctrine that his "might" can settle anything, so he goes to it, but the only score he makes is on the criminal calendar of his adopted country.

How about the woman? Well, in most ways she is on a par with the man. In things that are good they should rise together. In things that degrade both are equally susceptible, so they descend together. Physically, she is al-



most as strong as the man. She has always been used to outdoor work. No care is ever taken with the shape or form of the body, so she just grows and develops. In domestic life she thinks of nothing, and is trained to nothing but subserviency.

In the woman's world, however, it is different. Among themselves physical force never fails to be a factor. They are terrific gossips, and tales once started never fail in gathering volume as they travel, and often end in serious feminine disturbances. Destitute of education, their mental acumen lacks the power to interpret the quality of an act, so they accept everything with suspicion or as a challenge.

An old Austrian came into police court one day in a state that excited the sympathy of everyone present, and at the same time tempted the smile of even the magistrate. The man had been hit in every part of his head, face and neck, shoulders and arms, except where a similar wound would have been fatal. His head, ears, nose and cheeks were bandaged; his one eye was covered with a shade, the other peered out of the bandages; his neck and shoulders were covered with gauze, and both arms in slings.

Two women of his own nationality, with a hoe and a rake, were responsible for these gentle decorations. Just pulling a few weeds and dropping them over the fence into the adjoining lot was the beginning of the trouble, a trifle that would not have been noticed in a civilized community.

Sometimes a woman joins, or is forced to join, in her husband's quarrel. In a recent case of this kind the woman was found guilty of burning a vacant house and a valuable stack of hay.

Pugilism even is not an unknown art among these physically developed women. One who felt the spirit of her throbbing strength claimed to hold the "belt" for a considerable district in the north end. Another woman of the same nationality "doubted if she could do her." Gossips carried the doubtful challenge. The burly defender of the belt went down. The backyard formed the arena, and there, without rules and with only females present, they contended to a finish. The next morning all the feminine sports, including the combatants and spectators, were summoned to the police court, before the general referee, who found the woman

guilty who went to the other's place to fight, fined her, and bound her over to keep the peace, and notified the feminine sports that the recent struggle was to be the last female pugilistic contest to be held in the city.

Exercises of this character do not contribute to good motherhood, and the vices and looseness of morals in the parents seem to superinduce a tendency not to rise higher than the low morals of their parents, but to fall still lower; hence the increased criminal records in the police court and the juvenile court.

Why should people of such low character and breeding have been inflicted on this fair Dominion? Why should a British colony be called upon to bear such an enormous expense? There is not one feature in their undeveloped character that finds a sentimental-response in this generation of our people. There is not a cog of their primeval being that fits into the machinery of Canadian civilization. They are simply centuries behind any part of the Dominion that I know of.

You might easier take a Canadian boy of eight years and without entrance or matriculation put him at the university curriculum than

you could admit these people to present day civilization. Nor do I know any part of this fair Dominion where these unfortunate people would fit in.

My candid conviction is that there is just one congenial place for these people. If the Dominion Government would lift every German and Austrian, and all families of these people, and transport them back to the places in Central Europe they came from, the government would meet the warm approval of every returned soldier and officer, and the grateful thanks of the next-of-kin to all the brave boys who have ever gone to France or Flanders.

Who brought these people here? They were largely brought here by means of a sharp political deal. A gang of political grafters known as the North Atlantic Trading Company arranged with the government of the day to deliver immigrants to Canada at \$5.00 per head. The personnel of the company was never revealed. They went to the lowest parts of Central Europe and picked up the most backward people they could find, whom they could handle in droves, brought them over in shiploads, and collected from the government

\$5.00 per head, even for babies born on ship-board coming across. For every 20,000 of these people landed on our shores the Government paid \$100,000.00, and got the Trading Company's receipts. So the initial venture in bringing these peoples here was conceived in iniquity. And ever since these aliens were given the franchise they have been a commodity to be bought at election times by the two political parties.

Why did they not go to the United States and bring in English-speaking people from there at \$5.00 per head? or to the Eastern Provinces of Canada? or to England, Ireland and Scotland? Because the Trading Company could make money faster bringing them in droves from the low parts of Central Europe.

What moral right have these people to stay in Canada? The moral right any person has to stay in a place is the moral reputation he makes after he arrives. A business man or a farmer comes from the United States and settles in Canada. He is honest, thrifty, pains-taking and successful—there's his value.

An Englishman, Irishman or Scotchman comes new to the country to stay—he's gentle-

manly, kindly in his attitude, a man of integrity, character and honor. All the people like him. There is his moral worth.

A family came from Germany and settled in Waterloo county fifty years ago, before they were infested by Prussian poison or damned by German kultur, lived the quiet life, raised a large family, were industrious and thrifty, cultivated wide fields, raised cattle, sheep and pigs, were loyal subjects of the Queen, honored members of the church and community, loved and respected by everybody, and never were in a police court in their lives. That family is a moral asset to the country. The criminal record and immoral character of these "enemy aliens" deprive them of the moral right to remain here.

What national claim have these people to remain in Canada? The national right of any people to a home or to land in the national realm is the claim the worthy life and struggles of their forefathers gives them. Years ago the forbears of these Hun-Austrians lived somewhere in Central Europe. Whatever life those ancient people lived, their life and struggles earned for their children the national right to

live, to occupy land and homes, and to claim protection under the flag of that nation, and back there lies their only rightful heritage to-day.

Brave British seamen fought and won at Trafalgar. Brave British soldiers led the conquering armies under an invincible British leader at Waterloo. Brave Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen volunteered under Wolfe. They sailed the ocean, landed, scaled the heights, and after winning the battle planted the "Old Flag" on the heights at Quebec. That flag is the inevitable token that every inch of Canadian soil falls a heritage to the children's children of the brave men who fought those battles, and of the other brave men who remained at home and paid the big war taxes of their day.

CHAPTER XIII

WHY THE HUN SHOULD BE SENT HOME

HOW the heroic British-Canadian returns from cleaning up Central Europe, broken in health, with a pittance of a pension, and not a foot of land to his name to find the Austro-Hun, brother of the creature he has just been fighting, on his Canadian heritage. Here is a displacement any sane man can see is wrong. How would you make the matter right? Just send the Hun home, and let the Canadian soldier in.

For his own sake the Hun should be allowed to go. As in England and all over the world the Austro-Hun has forfeited the right to dwell among decent people. He is depreciated and held in suspicion everywhere. When the war was over an Austro-Hun in the north end said, "Now is the time to make money!" The first thing he did was to place a fictitious name on the signboard above his store.

Two little mothers, living side by side, each has a boy sleeping somewhere in France, and each another son who came through the war alive. Telephoning to the city bureau for a woman "to clean," always say "English-speaking, please." Some of these aliens, both men and women, boast of having two, three and sometimes four brothers in the Austrian and German army. These mothers do not want to see an Austrian alien out there unloading coal at the chute, and the coal and wood men would not send him if they could get anyone else.

An Austro-German appeared at a United States court and applied for legal right to *change his name*. The judge refused, and suggested it would be better to go to some place where his present name would be respected.

A big Socialist meeting was staged for Sunday afternoon in a large city theatre in Winnipeg. I secured a seat in the second row from the front, just at the end, which gave me a splendid view of all the faces.

The speaker was walking up and down the platform "saying things," and incidentally making the fur fly in handfuls out of capitalists and all other people who had made more money than they could decently use.

The first resolution condemned the government, and asked it to rescind the order-in-council that sent soldiers to Siberia.

The next was a vote of condemnation on the government for imprisoning enemy aliens for sedition, and demanding their immediate release. I sat where I could see 600 faces of the 1,400 present, and here you had in plain mug profile the second, third and fourth editions of Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Von Kluck, and when any remark was made against the government, or in favor of Bolshevism, they were on hand to cheer and clap their hands in approval.

When I heard the disloyal, seditious and treasonable utterances from those men that day I said, "If ever a revolution is attempted in this country here is where it will spring from."

The following June when the eight leaders of the attempted revolution were arrested and taken to Stoney Mountain penitentiary, charged with "seditious conspiracy," among the eight were all the fellows who figured before the footlights the afternoon of the famous big theatre meeting. That attempted revolution, under the guise of a strike, was the most gigantic fraud that was ever inflicted upon the

honest "working-man." The first thing the leaders did was to promise the aliens protection and immunity from deportation if they would join the One Big Union. Then when the working man came to vote against the strike he was, as he said, outnumbered by the alien "seven to one"; and another said "eleven to one." When the leaders wanted members to make up their parades, it was the aliens that supplied them. Russian bolshevism and Russian conditions were what they wanted here, and by a standing vote they had demanded of the Dominion Government the immediate recall of the Canadian troops from Siberia. For the first time in my life I saw the British flag sneered at, and knew British ensigns to be snatched from the buttonholes of British-Canadians on the open streets.

In fact there was no destructive phase of that devilish doctrine that "might makes right" that Kaiser Bill put in force over there that did not find a duplication in some form in this attempted revolution here. And the people, loyal to the core, in this throbbing metropolis of the west, the city sending the second largest volunteer force to the war in this Dominion, hu-

miliated with the fact that we were under Bolshevik rule—not that the eight leaders had any power but to “obstruct” and “paralyze,” but that they exercised to the utmost limit. Then how did the sentiment of the country stand? Well. Here we have the Hon. Mr. Meighen and Senator Robertson, representing the Dominion, condemning the “revolutionary” strike. With them was the local provincial government, and supporting these were the mayor and city council of Winnipeg. At the back of all these, and ready for action on “call,” was Military District No. 10, headed by General Ketchen, the R.N.W.M. Police, the Great War Veterans, the Army and Navy Veterans, the Imperial Veterans, and the Committee of One Thousand.

Opposing these moral, civil and Imperial forces you have eight revolutionary “fire-brands” inciting 24,000 enemy aliens into revolution. This is the situation as it was in May and June of 1919. These disloyal leaders are now awaiting trial. Is it any wonder the civilization of the Dominion demands that the enemy alien and his children go?

Then when it came time to condemn the

government, 1,400[#] rose to their feet to denote their approval. As far as I could see I was the only one who did not rise to vote condemnation of the government.

The great success of this meeting encouraged the Red leaders to call another on Sunday, January 26th, in the market square, in honor of a dead German by the name of Karl Liebknecht. This time they were all foreign speakers but one, and he claimed that he had been hired to speak in English. The soap-box orator just got far enough to state that the hero they had gathered to honor, Karl Liebknecht, had always been opposed to the war. "Fritzies are all the same to us!" came from the returned soldiers, who now numbered several hundred, while the crowd had reached the dimensions of some thousands. But the returned men had often fought against odds like these. The soldiers made a rush, and there was something in their eye the Red leaders did not like. The Socialists fled, some of them seeking shelter in places in the vicinity, which led to the attack on these places. The crowd then headed for the Socialist headquarters on Smith Street. With a rush the soldiers and their friends were up

the stairs, and furniture and bundles of literature were thrown in the street to be made a bonfire of as soon as they reached there. Among the captures was a Red flag, and this was borne down in triumph and added to the funeral pyre.

The next move was toward the north end of the city, where among the buildings attacked was that used by the Austro-Hungarian club. It was completely wrecked, the windows smashed, and the piano and furniture flung into the street. The German club, McGregor street, and another German club on Talbot avenue, and the Social-Democratic club, Smith street, together with the contents, and windows of ten or twelve other buildings, owned by Germans and Austrians, were all completely demolished.

The next morning the soldiers lined up again before a large meat-packing plant, and the gravest fears were entertained as to what might happen. The leaders sought an interview with the manager. Meantime General Ketchen and Mayor Gray appeared on the scene. The manager had spoken in this strain: "Yes, I have five hundred Germans and Aus-

trians employed in this plant. My trouble is to find men who can do their work. Find me returned soldiers who will fit in and I will fire the whole five hundred to-morrow."

General Ketchen admonished the boys "to exercise moderation and every difference would be adjusted." Mayor Gray said: "Returned soldiers, you have heard what General Ketchen has said. He is your friend. Your vote elected me the other day, and I am your friend. And all the good citizens of Winnipeg are your friends. We all want you to get everything you have been asking for. The manager has told you that every enemy alien will be let out, and that every possible provision will be made for the returned soldier."

While this was going on in front of the factory the Germans and Austrians were pouring out of the rear of the building and hiking for home, frightened that they were about to be taken. And the next day the German and Austrian women did not fill their washing dates, fearing lest they would be interned or molested.

These enemy aliens, followers of Ludendorff and Von Kluck, belong to the lowest class of Socialists in the cities, and every "strike"

they are on hand six or eight hundred strong, And the strike spirit is their atmosphere. They are always against the authority or the management, so the only safe institution is the one that does not employ them.

I believe if we were rid of these aliens we would be rid of strikes and all disturbance between capital and labor.

All the big firms, wholesale and retail, manufacturers, milk and creamery companies and bakeries, have what is known as the bonus system, or a percentage allowance on goods sold or work performed, so they share in the profits of the business. These never have strikes, nor are their employees allied with any labor organization. This civilization is bringing employers and employees together so that they all share in the firm's profits, and community methods give a mutual interest to all, but this can only be done in firms and institutions where no enemy aliens are employed.

The Sunday demonstration clearly shows that the enemy aliens in Canada are in decided sympathy with the Germans and Austrians, our common foes in Central Europe.

From all that preceded that demonstration

we have to conclude that there is no hope for the Hun or the Austrian in Canada.

All the dishonor that attaches to his name and race over there belongs to the Hun and Austrian here. Their sympathy with their overseas kindred entitles them to the universal odium that falls to them from Canadians. All this makes another thing sure, which is that the gulf between the Canadian soldier, all his kin, and the Austro-Hun, is too great ever to be spanned by any kind of sentiment or sympathy.

Remember, in all this there is no hatred or revenge. It is only as a matter of moral and national equity, righteousness, and justice, that the father and mother, and wife, brother, sister and child of the Canadian soldier, request and demand that all Germans and Austrians, and families of such to the last man, be removed out of the Dominion of Canada and out of our sight. We would even suggest that Germans and Austrians be released from prisons and penitentiaries and furnished free transportation back to their ancient fatherland. Nor will it ever do to leave this optional with these people. There is no doubt that thousands of

them would gladly leave now if they could get away. Before the war they used to send their money back to Germany and Austria. Since war opened they have never trusted the banks. One of them went to a "movie" the other day and took a big wad to pay his ticket. Some "rounders" saw it, and coming out they got him in a crowd and the wad went—he reported to the police that it was one thousand dollars he had lost.

Another enemy alien married a widow with a family. In a short time he discovered there was \$3,500.00 in the house, so he quietly took \$2,000.00 and paid it out. When he could not pay it back his wife threatened to call the police, but he cut court proceedings short by stepping into the next room and committing suicide. So it may be concluded that they have the money to go any time the government issues the order. But it is not the few that the soldier and his kin and the whole Canadian public want to go; they want the government to send every one of them back to the country they came from. If it is not done there is bound to be trouble.

One hundred miles north of Winnipeg is a

settlement where one hundred and sixty soldiers have homesteads. An Austrian went, while the soldier was in France, and cut five hundred spruce logs off the soldier's homestead, and took them to the mill. Another soldier who held power of attorney for the man in France had the Austrian arrested, who at once offered the soldier \$3,000.00 in cash if he would consent to settle the case, but he refused. The Austrian was then brought before the magistrate, who fined him \$25.00, and confiscated the logs.

Now twenty-two thousand five hundred feet of spruce lumber lies piled at the mill, and the soldier, a Scotchman who is now home wounded and gassed, is having difficulty in recovering his property. This transaction is common knowledge and the soldiers have it marked high on their score card of things "still to settle," and if that Austrian is not out of that before the soldiers return there is liable to be a whole lot of serious "fun."

Right in this neighborhood, adjacent to these soldiers' homesteads, lie six townships of as fine land and as fine timber of poplar, spruce and tamarac as anyone would wish to see,

almost entirely settled with Austrians and Germans, many of them being very wealthy.

These townships should be organized into a municipality, but if an election for reeve or councillors should take place the few English homesteaders would be swamped. The enemy aliens have not the ability to organize the municipality and could not be trusted to handle the funds. All this is within one hundred miles of Winnipeg—enemy aliens securing free patents to British lands, and British-Canadians, war-scarred and gassed, with crutches and canes, heroes of the first rank just back from making the fatherland of these enemy aliens free, have not a foot of land to their name, and that in a country which is supposed to be their own natural heritage.

Is anybody surprised that every British-Canadian in all the western provinces, man, woman and child, is right behind the returned soldier to get him the best there is in the Canadian legacy, which his British forefathers won by force of arms and left to him?

Some have said we need these men here as navvies to build our railways, but we answer, we have three transcontinental lines now, and

we do not need any more. Then, "We need them for making excavations and digging sewers." In answer, let me suggest that I have thought that contractors have always paid too low for unskilled labor, where strong muscular power was needed, as compared to the delicate man who earns his salary at the desk. So I conclude, if we let the enemy alien go, the builders and contractors may get their muscular energy supplied by paying a little more per hour.

It is a great thing when a man or a woman or a young person can work without a handicap. The enemy alien was all right here while the war was going on. In fact, he felt big when he believed the Central Powers would surely win. Then, when they did not win but fell, disgraced and dishonored before their enemies, degraded and ostracized by all the nations and men of the earth, the odium and degradation extended over here and seized upon every German and Austrian in the land. He feels now, for the first time, that he is an alien in an enemy's country, that he is even under surveillance, always regarded with suspicion, and can get on the pay roll only when everybody

else has been placed. He would like to forget history and blot Central Europe off the map.

The younger set of these people have accepted the device of living under two names,—one, their old name, unpronounceable, the new one, a modern English name for social and business purposes and for securing situations.

Would it not be a kindness to these peoples, old and young, to give them a chance to escape these deceptions?

Now that they are changing borders and boundaries in Europe to bring together peoples of cognate affinities, kindred tastes, and allied tongues and temperament, so that they may dwell in peace and harmony, free from deception and suspicion, where they may rear their families and quietly pursue the peaceful arts of life, would it not be opportune and a kindness to all concerned just now to lift these

people from here, quietly transfer them back, and drop them within the boundaries from which they came even so recently as twenty odd years ago? Those people over there doubtless have not changed much in twenty years—these people here have not advanced much in that time. They have the same habits, talk the

same tongue, live the same life. Thus free from suspicion, deception and hindrance, does anyone doubt the progress these peoples would make, or the quiet, happy life they would live?

Perhaps one argument to get these people to leave Germany and Austria twenty years ago was that they were oppressed, that they lived under autocracy; the big man owned everything and the little man had no chance, but in Canada, every man can own his own farm.

Now, what has the war done? Brave Canadian boys, by their lives and by their efforts, have overthrown autocracy and made free the big and little nations of Europe. So the enemy alien says to the Canadian soldier, "There will be no difference. When my country was oppressed I left it and came and squatted on British and Canadian soil. Now that your bravery and sacrifice have made my country free, I will go back and leave your British heritage to you."

The Lord once found His own Israel oppressed, fearful, and living under heavy taskmasters. It was His will to relieve their oppression and remove them to a country and to a land all their own. It caused commotion and

upheaval and days and months of weary traveling, but when they reached their own land they were free from their old taskmasters and suspicion and oppression and the odium that conquest attaches to a conquered people.

Then might it not have been God's plan to get a stream of civilization into the most backward part of Central Europe? Those staid old places and people may still be just where they were twenty years ago. Nothing on earth moves so slowly as civilization in those old lands.

Of the two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand aliens in this country there are some who have lived with their eyes open, and have taken on a degree of refinement, and have observed how white people live. Then their children may have attended school, and may be able to teach in the public school on their return to their parents' country.

The men also may have been able to master a few things which they may carry back in their minds. They never saw four horses driven abreast until they saw it here, or two teams driven tandem until they drove them here. They never saw a Massey-Harris binder cut

wheat before, or a Cockshutt gang plow turn four furrows at a time, or a big International thresher separate grain, until they saw it in this country. These may only indicate faint touches of domestic refinement and farm and field industry, still they will be strong enough to act powerfully upon a low, undeveloped race which has always been held down by the oppression that follows autocracy. Hence, while these people came here, filled with themselves, knowing no doctrine but that "might made right," depending upon muscle to do everything, and ending up with a criminal record unparalleled by any people who ever came to Canada, these would carry something of progress back to the lands from which they came.

Now even the criminal, the lawless class, has discovered that the primitive brute force system has all broken down, and these people are going back to their old land a subdued, a chastened, a humbled people, a people, who by their own criminal record and by the crimes and horrors of the leaders in their respective fatherlands, have failed to qualify for a better civilization, and hence are being sent home. At the head of that procession on their return will be

found all there is of refinement and education, and of moral and religious influence, and this silent influence may perhaps dominate and mould the masses after they arrive.

At the tail end of the return procession will be found the social delinquents, the police court rounders, the immoral traders in human virtue, and the high score acrobats on the criminal calendar, subdued and satisfied that there does come a reaping time to every crop sowed. So that coming out to this country sin and criminality dominating everything, returning there will be in the hearts of the people the spirit of submission and humiliation. Who can measure the influence that will thus be transferred to the low parts of Central Europe.

The fact is, there is no infinitesimal space where you can leave God out in any part of this or any past war. Men dispute over trifles and formulate war, and God lines up with the legions, all so quietly, that men do not know He is there. In the South African War in Kruger's country, when the able-bodied men were all away, and the old men and women, and middle-aged women and young girls and children were starving, who told the British

war lords to gather all into conscription camps and feed them and keep them in comfort? Here is an amiable conqueror gathering in the starving dependents of his enemy and feeding them on the same rations that his own soldiers eat. In all history did the world ever hear of the like before? Contrast this quality with ex-Kaiser Bill's method of treating British prisoners of war. Not satisfied yet, who told the British authorities to institute schools in these conscription camps, and send to England, Canada and Australia for those Christian young women to teach them? Who can measure the far-reaching influence of these feminine disciples of the gentle Christ as they go in and out among the grandmothers, middle-aged women, young girls, and children, teaching by precept and example the best there is in Christian culture, feminine virtue, honor, righteousness, love and truth. It is firmly believed by some that it was through the methods and teaching at these conscription camps that South Africa really got acquainted with Great Britain, and learned for sure that Jesus Christ was the common Saviour of all mankind.

And what have we now in South Africa? A

British colony as patriotic as the Dominion of Canada. Through the Great War what British general performed more disinterested or valiant service to the British Crown than the late Hon. Louis Botha, whose recent death has been lamented in every land that flies the Union Jack. And in General Smuts South Africa still has a statesman who stands high in the councils of the Empire, in fact, a patriot without a parallel in any colony of the Crown. Now, taking that conscription camp school as an idea, it cannot be denied that we have treated the children of the enemy alien well.

In the public schools in all the provinces of the Dominion, from Halifax to Victoria, and from Edmonton to the Crow's Nest, we have these same Christian teachers, ruling a quiet realm with dignity and grace, imparting gentle instruction, training the intellect, evolving mental power, themselves the fair and wholesome exponents and ideal of all that is charming and virtuous and beautiful and good. Here is initial work done—here are foundations laid and forces put into motion, fraught with untold possibilities. That is why we believe the

children should return with their parents. Having had a start in mental and moral training they will have an influence over the whole population, while if the children stayed here it would only be to endure a perpetual handicap.

CHAPTER XIV

CANADA MUST BE BRITISH

HOW often a little buzz of excitement is started in a community, and some movement is put into motion in which God is not given a part or place. The historian takes care of the event and holds dates well in hand, and, perhaps, puts the credit of everything down to one master human mind.

The Puritans got to feel at one time that they would like to be by themselves, with less to tantalize them from without and left with a free hand to follow up the best impulses that moved them from within. It caused tumult and displacement and interruption and large sacrifice to make the start. Their frail craft made a safe sail across the Atlantic, and they had the time of their life getting started in their New England home. Is there a living, thoughtful man to-day who doubts that God was the influence that started them, and that His guid-

ance put their craft safely across the sea? Did they ever question that their mission was divinely inspired, or doubt that the infinite God was the guide of their life and their destiny? It was a small thing that they grew rich and extended their commerce and industries far inland, and up and down the coast, but it was a mighty thing that they built character and kept the fires burning brightly on their altars, and preserved righteousness and truth until the force of their quiet profession sent its pulsations out to the uttermost limits of the republic.

One hundred and sixty years later another movement took place very similar to the first. The War of Independence resulted in the secession of the thirteen colonies and the establishment of the American Republic. There were those who still preferred allegiance to old King George. These were given the option to take the oath of allegiance or have their property confiscated. A large number decided to follow the British flag farther north into British territory. These were men and women of sterling worth, imperial character and integrity, and whose love for the British flag cost them their

earthly possessions. Like the Puritans, they could not take much with them because they possessed nothing.

Going up the coast from New York large numbers of these splendid people reached New Brunswick in the autumn. They were in the forests and had plenty of wood, and could keep their newly built houses warm, but undoubtedly they would have starved if God had not made the snow very deep and the moose very plentiful. The next year these people scattered in companies, by boat, up the old St. Lawrence, past Prince Edward County, the east shore of Lake Ontario to Toronto, Hamilton and the Niagara peninsula. If the United States benefited by the incoming Puritans as the foundation of a rugged, aggressive population, surely the Maritime Provinces, Lower and Upper Canada, as they were then called, are alike to be complimented on such an army of brave men and heroic women as constituted the early settlers in these primeval forests.

We have thus mentioned three distinct pilgrimages,—one, old Israel from Egypt to Canaan; the second, the Puritans from England to America; and the third, The United

Empire Loyalists from United States to Canada. In every case their double object was to get away from oppression and handicap, and to realize their vision of greater freedom and a larger liberty. In each instance their going proved a positive blessing and boon to the people among whom they settled, and carried a better and larger life to all the generations that followed. From all that man can see in all these pilgrimages there was a Divine Mind that planned everything, and, therefore, man played an effective and unerring part, and he is a blind man who cannot see God's sanction and seal upon all three movements.

In regard to the fourth pilgrimage, the return of all the enemy aliens in Canada to their former homes in Central Europe, may we not ask if all the reasons that made the pilgrimages in the other three desirable do not apply to the fourth. Are there not already too many evidences of "not desirable," "not wanted," "oppressed," "handicapped." Would not all these people be stronger, better and happier just to return to their homeland as missionaries and benefactors, to educate and uplift a race, rather than remain in an alien country under the con-

stant ban of suspicion, and with only the chance of being second-choice servants? When I refer to missionaries and those who are able to uplift these people, I refer to the very best people among them. But to show what it would mean if we were rid of all of them to-day, it would reduce the work of Sir Hugh John Macdonald, police magistrate in Winnipeg, eighty or ninety per cent. Such a reduction would allow one police magistrate to do all such work in both Winnipeg and the province.

On the criminal docket of the assize court in Winnipeg, January, 1919, there were forty cases, thirty-two of which were against enemy aliens. At this rate all over the province, with these people away, we would be able to superannuate or find other jobs for more than half of the judges of the province. The saving effected in this way in all the provinces would run up into millions, besides allowing us to retain the fabulous sums which are now being wasted by the missionary societies of all the churches on these unfortunate people.

How is this matter to be undertaken? I would say by intense vigor by the Dominion government. That the government possesses

the right and power no one need question. They claimed the right and the authority to disfranchise all the enemy aliens in the Dominion when they found they could not be trusted, and on appealing to the country, were endorsed by the largest majorities that ever sent men to parliament. You have law that allows the deportation of one single undesirable, so it is an easy matter to allow that single law to apply to the many.

We would ask the Dominion government to appoint a commission of returned soldiers in each province to adjudicate and settle the amount that will be allowed each enemy alien and enemy alien family. We want the returned soldier because he knows the Austro-Hun, our enemy over the sea, and he knows the enemy alien here better than any other man. His judgment will not be spoiled by prejudice, nor can he ever be tempted to show favoritism.

If the enemy alien has a small house and lot in city, town or village, allow him a small consideration, one-fourth of its value or less, so that the alien will have his transportation and a few hundred dollars. Let the commission pay that small amount in cash, and then sell

the place to the returned soldier, or to the soldier's widow, for that small amount, at five per cent. The same with the alien who has the river lot or the homestead, or the big, well-equipped farm. Let the commission adjust that farm or homestead at a low valuation, including horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, farm implements and everything, and turn the whole working plant over to the returned man, with that low valuation, at five per cent. By this system you do not have to send these returned men away to Peace River to get free lands, nor use up their government loans in erecting buildings and breaking up unimproved lands. In this way the man with the crutch or with one arm may drop down into a big working concern of farm, horses, cattle, machinery at any low valuation the commission passes on. Someone says, "Is not this dealing pretty generously with the returned man?" It may be, but does he not deserve it? He is all we have left of all the glorious dead and the heroic living, and, besides this, he is just coming into his own legitimate heritage, won and handed down to him by his heroic British forefathers.

It would thus be the duty of each provincial

commission apointed by the Dominion, to deal with all returned soldiers and all widows of departed heroes located within these provincial boundaries. It would also fall to their duty to pay the alien whatever sum of money he is allowed, look after his transportation and passports, and see that he and all members of his family get away.

All this is only another way of doing the same thing,—The United States are confiscating all German alien property, allowing the alien to take out just what, in cash or gold, he brought into the country. The cash accumulations of those confiscated properties amount at the present time to over a billion dollars, which is to be applied for the benefit of wounded and disabled soldiers.

Our system allows our wounded or disabled soldier, after the commission has arranged matters, to settle down and take possession, not of a homestead where there is nothing, but of a complete going concern, with the soldier as owner and manager, and all his financial obligations bearing only five per cent. If the government of Canada will take hold of this matter firmly this foreign problem will not be

a difficult one to handle. Now that autocracy is out of the way and the oppression of high war taxes a thing of the past, and the open door of a free democracy is beckoning them back to the fatherland, a great many of the more educated will, on patriotic grounds, want to return. Indeed, if he is a patriot he will certainly want to go. One German and his wife came to this country with eleven children. The last year he and his family were in Germany, about ten years ago, his war tax was \$55.00 per child. Now, on his returning with his family he will certainly escape that, but will have to take his chances with the post-bellum war taxes which are sure to follow.

But the high purpose of the law we are aiming to establish, is to have all enemy aliens and their families leave the country whether they want to go or not.

But, and if among these enemy aliens there be a family truly loyal to the British Crown, and can establish proof to that effect, and have further confirmed their patriotism by having contributed one or more boys to the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and can fully satisfy the soldier commission with the proof thereof, then

it is within the powers of the commission to furnish that father and mother, and each and every member of that family, with papers to remain in Canada.

What we are laboring for is what almost all the people want, a purely British Canada, and what more favorable time to effect this change than now? Never were all good Canadians so united and definitely set to a single purpose as they are to-day. Never were denominational or sectarian lines so nearly obliterated, and political animosities and jealousy so completely set aside. Not in the history of the Dominion have so many people of absolutely divergent views come to see eye to eye, and take a common stand on such high patriotic ground.

When the day came to do honor to France the largest theatre in Winnipeg was secured for the occasion. Every available seat was occupied, and many stood throughout the meeting to show their sympathetic interest in the French people who had stood out so bravely against such a powerful and unprincipled foe. Here were the citizens of a great city representing the unanimous love for a holy cause with the greatest unanimity. Archbishop Beliveau,

himself a Frenchman, representing the Roman Catholic Church, gave the principal address, Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor, spoke for the Methodists; Rev. Dr. Christie for the Presbyterians, and Archbishop Matheson, Primate of all Canada, represented the Anglican Church.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army went in together to raise a fund to provide free huts for the Canadian boys at the front. While their canvass was a great success, it was found afterwards that a great many more huts were needed, and word was sent from military headquarters at once. So Ottawa arranged with the Knights of Columbus of the Dominion (Roman Catholic), who had not been asked to join before, to raise \$500,000.00 for the common fund and send their proportion of helpers to man the work. As soon as this amalgamated agency was formed the Knights of Columbus appointed their captains and started the drive. In this city were to be found Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists, Freemasons high up in the craft, and Orangemen, all working under a Roman Catholic captain. All the best men of all the churches united to give the best com-

forts possible to all our boys at the front." An outside paper said this: "Toronto, which has sometimes been regarded as a bigoted city with a strong Orange element, has raised nearly \$185,000.00 for the Catholic huts in three days, giving over \$31,000.00 more than the amount asked for." No event in all history has ever brought men of diverse views and different creeds so nearly together before. While they are thus united is the time to settle this foreign problem.

Among all good Britons there is the same unanimity of feeling in regard to the enemy alien in the west. Those who think differently are just a little bunch of politicians who sit in the legislature by reason of the enemy alien vote, and they want the enemy alien retained for further use in the same direction. Mass meetings of veterans held in Moose Jaw and Regina have condemned the Saskatchewan Legislature for asking that the War Times Election Act be repealed. Mr. Harris Turner, who is one of the soldiers' representatives in the legislature, was one of the speakers at Moose Jaw. He lost his eyesight in the Canadian army overseas, and for this reason his

appeal carried the greatest weight with his hearers, as it should with the public throughout Canada. In part he said:

"With some thirty thousand or forty thousand men from Saskatchewan in the trenches, do we want the foreigners, the aliens of this province, to vote in matters that may affect these men?

"Do we want aliens to decide questions of demobilization and reconstruction? If a large number of Canadians had been in Germany when the war broke out would they expect to vote in German elections? I think they would be only too glad to be left unmolested without the franchise. Doubt has been raised, too, about the alleged absence of a precedent for this Act, but even if there were no precedent, and I believe there is, are not these unprecedented times? It was unprecedented that Germans should commit such crimes upon the high seas, kill women and children by air raids and other devilish devices. It is unprecedented that forty or fifty men in Regina should slobber all over these aliens before the war is actually finished."

Now close up behind these great war veter-

and is all and everything that is British west of the Great Lakes.

Besides this little bunch of little politicians there is this reported from Winnipeg to the Kingston Standard a few days ago:

"Bishop Budka, of the Ukrainian church, has begun his campaign to have the War Times Election Act, so far as it disfranchises Austrians and Germans, eliminated. The Austrian bishop is travelling over the prairies and keeping himself in the limelight. He conferred with the member for East Edmonton with reference to having the Election Act make an exception of his communicants, some 80,000."

Here is the comment:

"Why is this man allowed to preach the doctrines of seditious and anarchistic bolshevism, 'the coming cult.' It should be described as 'kultur' in the worst possible sense of that hideous word, as the world has learned to know it. This cult is the continuation of 'kultur,' as everyone can see who studies events in Russia and in Germany.

"It appears to us that the Dominion government should at once stop the activities of this bishop, who is disgracing this title by

preaching and upholding doctrines which are the antithesis of all true religion, and are creating another ghastly war in the world. The arrest of such a man would go a long way toward showing the bolsheviki that the government intends to maintain order and civilization in Canada. As to the removal of the disfranchisement of the Huns and Austrians which this bishop asks for, it must not be granted. If they want to exercise a franchise let them return to their own countries where they can vote in favor of the coming cult."

What the British people in the west want is not that the aliens get their franchise, but that the bishop and his eighty thousand people all get their passports and go straight back to Austria. With an aggressive spirit such as the bishop and his people possess, there is nothing but trouble ahead of the nation who tries to hold a race like that.

CHAPTER XV

PENSIONS FOR THE MAIMED AND THE WOUNDED

IT has often been a source of painful disappointment to many people that the pensions of our returned wounded and maimed are so small. It is to these men and to the other dear-brave boys who sleep in France and Flanders that we owe everything. The absent ones do not need our help, but the boys we have with us, they, whom we can help, deserve our best. For instance, the man who is totally blind should receive \$100.00 per month, and if he has a wife and children he should have that much more. For complete disability a man should receive at least \$100.00 per month, and for partial disability he should receive, added to what he can earn, an amount that will put him far above any handicap; and his wife and dependents should be taken into account as well. We can well afford to do generously by these brave men.

Then there is the next-of-kin to the men who have fallen. Two cities in the Dominion stand out as having acted a splendid part towards the boys who went to the front. The cities of Toronto and Hamilton placed one thousand dollars insurance on the life of every boy who enlisted from within their boundaries. The good example was not followed by the other cities in the Dominion. The United States, which entered the war at a later date, placed \$10,000.00 insurance on the life of every man who went to the front, most of the premiums in each case being paid by the state. It is known that many of our boys, in the beginning of the war, enlisted at ages from sixteen to twenty. Many of these boys were not carrying insurance at the time. A few companies put on extra high war premiums, while a great many companies absolutely refused to insure the man who went to war.

Many of these boys were contributing to the family expenses, and some of them were the mainstay of the home. Some of them were attending college, others were undergraduates studying to enter one of the professions. In any case the home has been robbed of the bright

spirit of the boy. Now that the state did not provide for government insurance, it is believed expedient to pay to the parents of the fallen hero at least a pension per month, for all ranks, equal to a private's pay—\$1.10 per day—and separation allowance—\$25.00 per month. This is to be paid to parents as long as they live. After the last parent's death the amount should be divided equally between surviving brothers and sisters of the hero.

How is this immense pension fund to be raised? I answer, by direct taxation all over the Dominion. Tax incomes and salaries, big manufacturing concerns, business houses, mortgage corporations, trust and loan companies, insurance corporations, fire, life and marine, abattoirs, cold storage plants, banks, wholesale and retail stores, departmental corporations. All these institutions were never on a safer footing. Wealthy men were never as wealthy as they are to-day. Banks never had more money, in fact, they have all the gold there is in the country.

Then I would confiscate some of the big properties of the enemy alien. The United States has a fund for this purpose of over a billion

dollars that was taken from alien enemies in the Republic. *What about the Mennonite?*

The Mennonites were in this country when I came in 1881. They were believed to have come from Russia. There was no thought of anything German about them except that they talked a dialect of the German tongue. They were never thought to be disloyal or suspected of a preference for another flag until the provincial legislature passed a mandatory law that the Union Jack was to float from a flag pole over every schoolhouse in the province during school hours. They objected to the flag. But the government was firm. They were told to fly that flag or there would be no school grant. At that time the majority of the rate-payers in each section decided what language should be taught in the school, so they endured the flag in order to enjoy their beloved German language. At this time the German spirit seemed to pervade and possess everything Russian-born and Russian-bred, as we knew them to be, yet in all the settlements was there a man who would permit you to call or regard him as anything but German?

A later government put German out of the

school, where English alone was supposed to be taught. Then the Mennonite let the public school alone, employed private tutors to teach in their homes where German alone was taught.

For forty-six or forty-seven years these people have been in this province. They talk German among themselves: at church they sing, preach and pray in German. In the home they talk to one another and teach their children German. On the platform of a railway station in one of their villages were a dozen Mennonite boys aged from eight to twelve years, who gabbled all the five minutes the train waited and every word in German. They are not British, and they do not want to be British.

Then we have the Hutterite, who is really the descendant of the Mennonite on the other side of the line. While there he grew rich and founded a sect, and "Hutterite" is his community name. They were able to come into this province and buy the English settler out, paying him \$18,000.00 and \$20,000.00 cash per half section. They have been stopped now, but hundreds of families got in here and settled before the government knew anything about it.

And we have the Doukhobors. All these peoples have lived under the British flag for years, enjoyed British protection, civil and religious freedom, and have always been exempt from military service. While all our sons were away fighting all their boys were at home making money, growing big crops and selling farm products at tremendous prices.

No person who knows these people will say that they are not good settlers. They are peaceful, industrious, sober, frugal, law-abiding people. I never knew any of them in court until they were summoned and fined for not sending their children to the English public school. A lawyer, depending on them for fees for settling contentions, would starve. So, with a claim of nearly fifty years, and no moral objection to them save that they have failed to appreciate British citizenship, you cannot deport them.

We have three cognate peoples living on British lands, enjoying social and religious liberty, growing opulent and easy under British protection, and yet destitute of even a vestige of British sentiment. In all the heavy siege through which Canada has passed they knew nothing of our mental suspense, of our dread,

and blood, and tears. They have only known the financial advantages of over-production of their fertile fields in everything they have had to sell. Exemption from military service has not been a benediction to these peoples. This living and growing prosperous under the protection of one country, and talking the language and cultivating the low ideals of another, will never make a virile race. If military exemption kept these peoples weak it was folly to suppose that giving them the franchise would ever make them strong. The British race has attained its imperial position in military chivalry and moral status only by service and sacrifice, and no other road can ever make a people great. In fact, the surest way to keep a people weak is to heap imperial privileges upon them that they have not the capacity to appreciate. But British fair play is never out of order.

If the Mennonites, Hutterites and Doukhobors, by military exemption, escaped that in blood and tears which cost British-Canadians the most, would it not, in all fairness, be up to these peoples to submit to a law enacted by the Dominion, and enforced by a commission of

returned soldiers, to levy on every male a super-tax of \$100 or \$200 or \$300 annually, as may be decided, to meet an enormously overburdened Dominion? Then, as each minor among these Mennonites, Hutterites and Doukhobors attains his majority, let him answer his individual responsibility to the commission, by paying the super-tax annually demanded.

The law should also fix this super-tax on all males and minors on coming of age, of all aliens and foreigners domiciled in this Dominion, after all Germans, Austrians, Bulgars and Turks and their children have been deported, this arrangement to continue until the whole of the Dominion's war debt has been cleared off.

But if any family has been found to have been loyal to the British Crown, and it be further attested that the said family has sent one or more of their boys in military enrollment to England or France to fight in Britain's cause, the soldiers' commission, on being fully satisfied with proof thereof, may exonerate all male members of that family from the requirements of the law.

This commission of soldiers should also be empowered to go after all profiteers, capture their ill-gotten gains and appropriate them to the treasury commission to liquidate the war debt of the Dominion.

This same commission of soldiers should also have authority to go after those lucky fathers who did not send a son to join any department of the Canadian overseas or Imperial forces in England or France. Also to legally deal with all younger men who escaped conscription for any cause, and who have only made money out of the war.

In the matter of soldiers receiving decorations and honors for bravery on the field and in action, I have nothing but the best to say. My only regret is that the thousands of other brave fellows who did heroic and worthy deeds are denied the reward by the accident of not having been seen.

It now remains for someone to suggest a fitting way to give due honor to those bravest and most honored of all, whose supreme sacrifice was offered and accepted. The fact that they hold the highest and most honored place in heaven is no reason why their name and

honor should not be chiseled deeply in the high adamantine of earth, that following generations might learn the names of the honored boys who fought and fell to make men and nations free.

CHAPTER XVI

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES FOR RETURNED MEN AND WAR MOTHERS

SOME years ago the authorities of Manitoba asked me to open and organize a training school in the province. There was a small farm in connection with the institution and we put in cows, pigs and poultry, and also such industries as carpentering, blacksmithing, tailoring and shoemaking. The boys in the institution worked at the trades and also assisted on the farm. That first year we handed the government \$6,075.00 cash earnings from the institution and the farm.

Among the sales that I remember that first year was one hog which brought \$34.40. Two turkeys brought \$7.50. We sold the wheat for \$1.00 per bushel. A farmer's daughter had charge of the dairy and produced an article that we could have sold tons of at 35 cents per pound.

Among the experiments of that first year there was one that particularly impressed me, and that was on the sugar beet. Visiting Saginaw City and Lansing, Michigan, the year before, I found sugar beet factories in both places. These cities are sixty miles apart. Draw a line from one city to the other, and make that line the diameter of a circle, and you have nine beet sugar factories inside of that circle, including the two cities mentioned. These factories do a flourishing business for three months every fall, or until the year's crop in the district has been manufactured. The plan is for each sugar beet factory to distribute sugar beet seed to their patrons who grow the beets. In the fall they top them and haul them to the factory. The clerk takes one beet and analyses it and whatever percentage of sugar that beet contains the owner receives proportional pay for his whole load.

The superintendent of the training school in Lansing informed me that they used to rent land and sow it with sugar beets, which the boys cultivated, and had earned as high as \$118.00 an acre from the industry. Earnings like that so interested me that the next spring

I sent to the beet sugar factory at Saginaw City for seed, and sowed it on the training school farm at Portage la Prairie and had a great crop. Out of that crop I sent four samples to the Saginaw sugar factory for analysis, and the following is the result as copied from the Public Works Department Report, Province of Manitoba, for 1910:

Percentage of sugar in beets grown in Manitoba:

No. 1.....	14.6%
No. 2.....	12.6%
No. 3.....	13.6%
No. 4.....	16.4%

Percentage of sugar in beets grown in Europe:

France	11.6%
Germany	12.79%
England	12.75%

The expert who made this analysis at Saginaw pronounced this percentage a good showing. From what I saw of conditions, crop and land down in Michigan, I am convinced that we can grow twice as many tons to the acre here as they can grow there.

They are running copper ore in the north country which is yielding 22 per cent. of pure copper. It is taken from the mine and hauled a long distance by sleighs. This ore is loaded and unloaded six times, and hauled hundreds of miles by rail before it reaches the smelter in British Columbia, and then there is no by-product, while the sugar beet is always hauled to the factory and the by-product is valuable.

Of the thousands of tons of sugar consumed in this province the bulk of it comes either from Montreal on the east or from Vancouver on the west.

What a centre Winnipeg would be for such an assured industry! It does not take very great optimism to see in the near future Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon and the other cities of the west, great centres of the sugar beet industry, nor would we be surprised to see it, in time, a large export commodity.

There is a lovely stretch of country extending from two to three hundred miles north-west of Winnipeg, varying from fifty to eighty miles in width, between Lake Winnipeg on the east and Lake Manitoba on the west. I will speak only of the country up to one hundred miles

north of Winnipeg, because I have been over this. It is penetrated by four railways, two being branches of the C.P.R., and two belonging to the Canadian Northern Railway. The country is of limestone rock formation and almost perfectly level. In parts of this district there is the most beautiful poplar, spruce and tamarac I have seen in this country, and wood of some kind on almost every quarter. There is almost a total absence of rivers and streams, but there are little lakes and extensive water courses that carry off the water in the spring, and these become splendid hay and pasture lands in the summer. In places artesian wells flow the year round. In other parts splendid water is obtained at a depth of from eight to twelve feet.

Located between the two lakes with numerous large bodies of water between, there is the most steady and assured rainfall of any part of the province. This is a most favorable section for cattle raising, mixed farming, dairy and poultry raising that one could find, and all with such easy access to a city of 260,000 of a population.

In the spring time, 1883, I had tea one even-

ing in a prairie homestead cabin. A little Irish woman was the hostess. John was the oldest, and another boy grown to manhood, a few years younger, made up the family. A beautiful girl was in the circle, but a bright young farmer living near by had persuaded her to join a matrimonial venture with him, and the little mother was left with the two boys. Such Irish hospitality and such hot biscuits! made of Manitoba spring wheat flour. Pioneer experiences were still fresh in her mind and she told me this one:

She came to the prairie homestead with her three children from Tavistock, Ontario. Among her settlers' effects she brought four or five turkeys. The spring opened favorably, dry and warm, and early in May she had forty-five fine growing birds. With Irish-emphasis she told me how they took to the prairie and lived and grew on insects, and when the grasshoppers came the forty-five took the form of a crescent and what one missed some one of the forty-four was sure to capture. Such turkeys she said she had never seen. In six months some of them were larger than those she had brought from Ontario. In Tavistock she used to sell dressed turkeys at six cents a pound.

The week before Christmas she suggested that they dress a load and take them to town. John acquiesced. Forty of those birds nearly filled the sleigh-box. Minnedosa was the town, and the lady said to the merchant, "Mr. Armistage, would you like some nice turkeys?" He said, "I'll take all you have got and will give you 30 cents a pound." "I'll want some things." "All right, get what you want and I'll pay you the rest in cash." He handed her over to a clerk and she began to buy. After a time she asked, "Am I near out?" "No, not nearly." Then she purchased stuff she never thought of getting, and in quantities she never dreamed of before, and still she was not out. But she said, "That will be all the Christmas things and supplies I will require." John stood there and saw the clerk pay her a balance of \$87.00. Dressed turkeys are now 45 cents a pound in Winnipeg.

Returning that evening with the sleigh full of Christmas goods, household requirements and provisions and \$87 in her pocket-book, she said, "John, have we cheated the man?" John smiled when she was telling the story. The difference between six cents and thirty

cents a pound for turkey is what confused her calculation.

Cows pay well and feed is easy to secure. An Icelander at Gimli milks ten cows and sends the product to Winnipeg, and his cheque for January was \$175.00.

A farmer at Teulon sends one can of cream to Winnipeg every day and gets \$10.00 a day in return.

A lady about forty miles from Winnipeg raised on the side five hundred and fifteen ducks and sold them for one dollar each. Poultry of all kinds does well here and is always profitable.

Here is work which any returned soldier's family can do and which he can manage himself, even if he uses a crutch. The war widow and her family can handle a proposition like this.

The great fertility of the soil and the rapid vegetation seem to suit themselves admirably to both cereals and vegetables. From Emerson to the Rockies, by way of Winnipeg and Medicine Hat, on the Canadian Pacific, is over 900 miles, and in every part the same conditions prevail. I know of no country that can ap-

proach it for productiveness. The best sample of wheat I ever saw came from a thresher in the McLeod district. It had the largest, hardest, plumpest and most uniform berry. We bought it at two cents a pound for chicken feed. Apart from that there was no market as there was no flour mill or elevator or railway in McLeod at that time.

Old timers used to tell of a rancher who brought a load of cabbage to town. These had been pulled with leaves and head just as they grew. Placed on the scales in the butcher shop one turned the beam at thirty-seven pounds. An enterprising farmer not a hundred miles from Winnipeg, in Southern Manitoba, had taken good care of a pair of twin calves. When they were three years old he brought them to the stock market, Winnipeg, and sold them for $17\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound live weight, the pair bringing him \$257.00.

There are many boys, and some girls, too, in Manitoba who have fat bank accounts all earned by prizes and cash sales they have made of calves and pigs at the great Brandon Winter Fair, all their own feeding.

The largest turnip I ever knew to be pro-

duced in any country was grown on a farm of one of our department stores, near the historic town of Selkirk, Manitoba, and, weighed in one of the newspaper offices of Winnipeg, it tipped the beam at 19 pounds.

The best thing that could happen the cattle industry in this country would be to bring in Scotch and English families and allow them to teach the extravagant Canadian that gilt-edged, prime beef can be finished for the British market on cut straw and turnips, while the Canadian thinks that it can only be done by feeding high priced oat and barley chop.

And when all the returned Canadians and fallen heroes' wives and families are placed in each province, then why not fill whatever vacant places are left with fallen heroes' wives and children from England, Ireland and Scotland, and from the Island of Lewis. In the Old Land married men went to the war the same as single men, and often when he fell in action a widow and large family was left. What could be nicer than to bring these families out to occupy these remaining homesteads. Surely we owe this to the fallen heroes of our own kith and kin. A war widow and a family like that

from across the seas would be received by all Canadians with a warm welcome. Under conditions as we have them in this country they could not do otherwise than succeed. A herd of cattle increases very rapidly, and when the cream and milk are used the home is always well supplied and the profits are large. All kinds of poultry, as we have seen, can be most successfully handled with enormous profits, by both women and children. In this way we would be encouraging community life with our own flesh and blood, who have suffered far more than we, and at the same time would be building up a pure, clean, white British-Canadian commonwealth.

Imagine a British war widow mother and her family of bright, active children on an hundred and sixty acre homestead, the boys "breeding" and "breaking" their own working and riding horses to harness and saddle, acting the "cowboy" in herding the cattle, milking the cows, and hauling the cream to the station or factory. And she would have the prospect of every boy in the family coming into his own right—the owner of a farm—a British-Canadian in a British country.

Then, if a couple of the family would prefer a profession when they come to manhood or womanhood, a couple acres of sugar beets and the product of a hundred hens would put them through college or university, less than a hundred miles away. I have no doubts of the future of an adventure like this. If only Great Britain ~~will~~ consent to send these war mothers and their families, I will vouch for the warmth of a Canadian welcome and leave it to the genial climate and productive soil of the best part of this garden Dominion to do the rest.

But in order to get our brave returned men and war widows and children, and our equally deserving ~~rich~~ and kin across the sea in, we must let the enemy alien go. They are still holding the thousands of homesteads in all the provinces which our own should be occupying to-day.

To carry out our sugar beet proposition would require a plant which would cost \$200,000.00.

Rid of the alien the province would save an amount which would more than construct a plant like that every year. In 1907 it cost Ontario for the maintenance of criminal and

mentally affected immigrants imported into the province by the Dominion Government Immigration Department, as follows:

1,517 patients in hospitals for the	
insane	\$227,550.00
4,314 prisoners in jail.....	61,339.23
289 prisoners in central prisons	25,425.80
<hr/>	
Total	\$314,315.03

Twelve years ago the enemy alien was costing old Ontario more than enough to build a beet sugar plant and a half every year. For what cause are these people retained at such a great cost? Why do the law courts of any western province pay out large sums every year just to hold the enemy alien in this country? There are many things in the west that fairly stagger the imagination of the average Canadian. One would almost think that the preference were being given to the foreigners.

Almost the entire trade of cleaning and pressing suits is in the hands of foreigners in Winnipeg and other cities.

My shoe needs mending, and I hunt the artist of the awl and peg. He does business in

a little place, often no sign, just a wooden boot swinging over the door. I do not know his nationality. He speaks broken English. In no way is he a help to Canadian civilization. I may be prejudiced, but I confess I would rather see sitting on that bench one of J. Jackson Wray's lapstone logic men, or better still, Mark Guy Pearse's "Daniel Quorm." England, Ireland and Scotland are full of shoemakers and shoemenders, old men, it may be, whose sons and grandsons have served in the war. Send these aliens home and bring in these old Britons to mend the shoes of British-Canadians, and they will be welcomed.

Go to a great metropolitan centre like Winnipeg, whose long, wide, busy streets are the admiration of all who see them. At high noon I feel hungry and drop into a restaurant. Here I pay a foreigner. It is a sad fact that in this I am served by a foreigner, and when I go out city, apart from the hotels, practically the whole catering trade (restaurants, cream parlors, fruits, confectionery) is in the hands of this class.

I am not overdrawing anything. I have seen and lived to deplore every condition I have referred to.


Standing in the midst of these things, I am staggered and dumfounded. I ask myself, "Is this a British community?" Do these conditions not bear the marks of monstrous displacement among the races? Is there not tragic substitution somewhere? Are these people enjoying a heritage that they or their fathers ever earned?

Brave men fought somewhere, sometime, in large numbers, to make Britain a free, representative democracy. And is there not something coming to their children's children by reason of the victories won then? Is there such a thing as brotherhood in nationality and religion?

Is there not some method that may yet be devised by which the last virgin acres of this Canadian heritage, and places and positions, in commerce, may fall to the sons and daughters of such a worthy succession? I challenge the world to deny the fact that the British immigrant is the best settler either the east or the west ever had.

Look at the example set by Ontario to the other provinces of Confederation in morality, commerce, agriculture and education. What


was the foundation of this unique settlement? First, the United Empire Loyalists. The very lives they lived created the social and moral sentiment of the province; gave the government its legislators. Gave the Methodist church such prophetic seers as Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Dr. Samuel D. Rice, and Dr. William S. Griffin. Dr. Ryerson may be said to have founded Victoria University in 1829, and later to have given Ontario her public school system, upon which all the public schools in all the other provinces in the Dominion are modelled. Then came the people from England, Ireland and Scotland. That is the secret of Ontario's fine national morale. Happy for old Ontario if she could have drawn the line and stayed right there as far as her immigrants were concerned. In Ontario there were a few settlements of Germans. They were good people and made good settlers. All Germans were respectable then. It was before Kaiser Bill was born. There is one thing sure, that the coming of the Germans did not disturb Ontario's fine moral record. We believe if it were not for our fearful foreign handicap we would stand to-day with a moral record equal to what Ontario had fifty years ago.



The Great Father has a way of making trouble and disaster count for His cause and His kingdom. If you believe in Him, you cannot count Him out of anything. That the British nation lies close to the Father heart must be plainly manifest to every careful student of history and of truth. God has, in all times, held one nation through which He has worked to administer His will to the nations of the world. Not even thinking of Anglo-Israel advocates or their theories, would it be too much to believe that when Israel, under God, in the old dispensation, had completed her mission, that Britain became the nation under God in the new dispensation to take up the work and carry it on? As proof of this, look at the slate Britain was able to present to the world when the war opened.

How simply Gibraltar fell into Britain's care in 1704, and Britain then did not know why. But all subsequent efforts to take it from her failed.

It seemed a commercial transaction that placed Warren Hastings at the head of the East India Company, but unconsciously forces were put in motion that placed the whole of India



under British rule. Egypt, a close neighbor, got to like Britain, agriculturally and commercially, and quietly a protectorate was arranged.

It was strange that the company to build the Suez Canal was formed and the enterprise launched in Egypt, and stranger still that the company failed while Beaconsfield was premier of England, and he handed it over to a British company in London to complete the great world enterprise, and that act put Britain in control.

Captain Cook ceded Australia to Britain, and after being besought for two hundred years England sent a commissioner to colonize and join New Zealand to the Island Continent.

It was well-timed that Kruger brought on that war in South Africa when he did, and that the Boers invaded British territory. Britain and Canada just went down there and showed them how they could fight, and fed the enemy's wives and children, and came back leaving a perfectly solid British South Africa.

What strange spirit came over Britain when she sent that little man, General Wolfe, to take that strongly entrenched Quebec citadel? Who prompted him to manoeuvre with his boats,

while he and his little army climbed the heights in the darkness, and in one battle, against superior forces, changed the ownership of half a continent from one nation to another? Who guided that man in that impossible task? Here are British colonies in every continent of the world, all faithfully following the quiet arts of peace and never dreaming or wishing for war.

When the war gong sounded the British bulldog was fast asleep, and it took him two years to wake up and get prepared, and the third year to get his stranglehold—and he never let go.

What master hand has placed all these splendid dominions, representing every latitude of the globe, under the flag of Britain? What dominant spirit of supreme sacrifice has brought the best young manhood from all these colonies, and offered themselves a tribute to the motherland when she would not stand to see little Belgium crushed, or France invaded without a cause? Who placed such strategic points as Gibraltar and the Suez Canal in Britain's hands? Who made Israel to win against Pharaoh when Israel was without an army or war chariots or spears? "Isn't it a form of

modern unbelief that will see God in the Judges and will not see Him in the battles of the Peninsular War?" The concentration of Christian belief to-day make Pitt and Wellington, Foch and Haig, Lloyd George and Churchill, Beatty, Balfour, Bonar-Law and Borden as distinctly servants of God in history as were Jephtha and Samson and Gideon.

God has not changed. He works the same, and whereas before He worked through the Hebrew nation, He now works through the British nation to reach the ends of the earth.

There was just one Magna Charta. What nation gave that to the world? It came from the common people and was signed by an unwilling king. The Great Charter was the civil safeguard and the Bible the moral defence of the British people. "These stand as the Jakin and Boaz of the British throne, so that amid her populous centres at home, and wherever she has pushed her colonies abroad, her citizens and strangers have relied in the strength of her civil justice and moral and religious freedom."

Everything within the range of moral and religious science can only finally be determined by a "thus saith the Lord." We have consid-

ered God's relation to the British nation, and the grave responsibilities He laid upon that nation, to cement and unify and inspire the Allied forces in the titanic struggle against the enemies of God and all mankind.

Now what is God's attitude to the enemy alien? This enemy alien is not the "stranger" referred to in the Hebrew code who was allowed to dwell quietly among the Hebrew people and share in the gleanings of the harvest.

The enemy alien were the people whom God drove out in order to let His people in, and with them God's people were to have nothing to do. They were heathen and idolators, and very often the command was to put them to the sword.

Then there is an infallible sign that marks God's methods in both dispensations. God never permits His favor to gather around a wilfully wicked, impenitent man or nation.

The prodigal son was a veritable saint compared with the enemy alien over there. But he said, "I will arise and go to my Father." Then he said, "Father, I have sinned and am no more worthy to be called Thy son. Make me a hired servant." Yet here are these enemy aliens over

there, who for innate, inborn, unnameable treachery, crime and devilishness have outdone hell itself, and who has heard one word of regret, sorrow or penitence from them for their damnable deeds? And who has heard a sentence of regret from the alien enemy horde we have here? Their only known demonstration was when they gathered three thousand strong to do honor to a dead Hun Socialist, who had granted the school children a holiday to join all Germany in rejoicing over the sinking of the Lusitania. But the returned soldiers cut that ceremony short almost before it started. No, these people have not got the contrite heart. I think the mind of the Master would be something like this: "Let all these enemy aliens and their families be sent on a pilgrimage back to their former places in the Fatherland. They have no thought of God in their hearts. They are all in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity.

Germany has educated them the wrong way. They have been taught that "might makes right"—they have to unlearn that, and adopt the orthodox view that right makes everything. They have to come to themselves before they

can be willing to come to the Father. These people, mentally and morally, are still semi-barbarians—they are only partially civilized in spots. Let all these enemy aliens and their families be returned to Central Europe. Then let all the Christian churches, the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army, not in rivalry, but distributing the Christian workers evenly over Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey (as the Y.M.C.A. is now doing in united Poland), and under God's blessing, in less than ten years you will have all these countries fit to be admitted into the League of Nations.

As David prayed, so we pray. Psalm 144:

"11. Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

"12. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

"13. That our garners may be full affording all manner of store, that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets.

"14. That our oxen may be strong to labor; that there may be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

CHAPTER XVII

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT

THERE is always a danger when a government goes into power with too large a following. In this case there is the double danger where members are elected with very large majorities. The tendency is to feel safe, and sometimes to get careless.

In my views I am not tied up to anything. I just represent the common sentiment of all the people. As nearly all the people voted for the Union Government they all claim the right to criticize, and as the members know, most of the criticism is adverse to the government.

This is the sentiment of the people. When the Department of Militia gave commissions to two hundred young men, sons of Canadian millionaires and rich fathers, an act was done that was condemned by ninety-nine per cent. of the electorate, and by one hundred per cent. of all whom I heard speak of it. What all the

people wanted, and what they expected the Minister of Militia to do, was to have given those commissions to two hundred returned soldiers and conscripted the two hundred rich men's sons and sent them over to France.

When the Chaplain Service was reconstructed it became a law that only those chaplains who had been overseas could retain a place in the Canadian service, and everybody fell in with this. But this law was not made to apply to headquarters in the military districts. So when the brave fellows came back from France and Flanders, having done their bit, they had to go out travelling the highway seeking situations and jobs, while civilian soldiers, clad in khaki, who had never been overseas, sat in arm chairs, filling easy places and drawing big pay. What the soldiers' next-of-kin, and all the patriotic people to the last woman and man wanted, was to fire every civilian who had held a place on any district staff who had not been overseas, from the highest to the lowest, and place a returned soldier in.

The universal wish was to give everything to the man who had been overseas, no matter whom it put out. Well, it was not done. Then

the returned men began to agitate, sometimes individually and sometimes in a body, direct to the Department, and sometimes to the Minister of Militia. Then came the double-headed demand of the Dominion government, by the G.W.V.A., February 6th, 1919, for "the instant dismissal of all officers at present actively employed in the military district, who have not been overseas, and the immediate deportation from the country of all enemy aliens." Now the Minister of Militia and the Commons and Senate of Canada must know that this resolution represents the universal sentiment, not only of the returned soldiers, but of their next-of-kin, and of all that is patriotic in the Dominion. Resolutions like the above were humiliating to the Department of Militia, humiliating to the fellows who were trying to hold their places, and humiliating to the returned men.

Then the wounded and maimed and shell-shocked began to get their pensions, and we were all wounded and hurt at the slender pittance meted out to them. The soldier felt that he was neglected, that his heroic effort to save his empire, his Dominion, and to save us, was not appreciated.

If I know anything of patriotic public sentiment, it is that the brave and returned man, the wounded, shell-shocked and maimed, and the next-of-kin of the heroic dead, shall be liberally and generously dealt with.

The principle of representative government does not permit everyone to go to parliament. We vote for one man, and he embodies and represents the sentiment of the whole constituency. There are just two classes of people in the country, the patriotic and the politicians. The patriots sent you to parliament, and gave you your immense majorities, and moreover, furnished you with an unlimited mandate. These patriots, you among them, freely gave their sons. These brave boys met the foe early in the fight, while the enemy was haughty and strong. Your Canadian boys were among the bravest and steadiest of the Allies, perhaps were as much or more dreaded by the enemy than any other forces on the field, and by their prowess have brought honor to themselves and glory to the whole British Empire, and were in the fight from the beginning to the end of the war.

We make no choice whether it comes from

the government or the senate, or from the rank and file in the Commons, but the whole patriotism of the Dominion confidently expects the Parliament of Canada to do something outstanding and distinctive in the way of reward and pensions to the brave returned men and the next-of-kin to the noble, heroic dead.

Your majority at the last election is the mandate of the patriotic public to make the rewards and pensions of all concerned more than equal to that of any of the other Allies, or in other words, let them be rewarded according to the exalted merit of the heroic work performed.

And if any politician in the commons should so far forget himself as to move for the repeal of the War Times Election Act, get up in your place and give him a dose of what we used to call "Canister"—I think they call it shrapnel now—right in the neck.

Your large majorities of patriotic British-Canadians want you to see that the next time these enemy aliens exercise their franchise they do it in some province in Central Europe, and we want this for their own good and for our own.

There is no agitation for a dissolution or a

new parliament or new representatives. The general complaint is lack of energy and perspective. The United States were only in the war a short time, but every man who went was insured for \$10,000.00. If killed, his next-of-kin received the amount. On being demobilized on leaving the army each man received \$1,000.00. The enemy alien had his property confiscated, and was allowed to take out just what he brought into the country, so from these confiscations they have a fund of over a billion dollars with which to assist wounded and maimed soldiers. All this has been done for men who spent only a few months in the trenches, and who came in after the enemy had been broken and tanks had made warfare easy.

Let no one think that Americans are giving their brave men too much, but the shame and humiliation is that the brave Canadians receive too little, and are receiving that all too slowly. The truth is the government is harshly criticized and universally condemned. It is said to possess no initiative, and the private members to have no iron in their blood.

Never did a united and patriotic people give a freer hand to parliament to award bigger and

bolder pensions and rewards to a cleaner or a higher class of heroes.

It is not the tariff that you need worry about, or the one who has only made money out of the war, or the man who held his boys back until they were neither ornamental nor useful, nor the family who never lost a drop of blood or had occasion to shed a tear, or to devise schemes to allow men or firms to make more money.

As legislators it is your heavy prerogative to do a nation's duty to the bravest men and boys who figured in that world war, to see that all disabilities and handicaps are generously overcome, to make sure that the next-of-kin of the heroic dead are amply provided for, and to determine that all enemy aliens and their families be lifted from this country and sent back to their fatherland, and that British people, preferably returned soldiers, be put in their places. In this way you will be placing these aliens where God^e wants them to be, and you will be allotting Britons to their rightful British heritage. In this generous and laudable undertaking you will be universally supported by the whole patriotic public of this Dominion.